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# SCENES AT BRIGHTON;

OR,

“ *HOW MUCH?* ”

A Satirical Nobel.

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

By INNES HOOLE, ESQ.

*AUTHOR OF SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE, &c.*

---

“ Satire should, like a polish’d razor keen,  
Cut with an edge that’s scarcely felt or seen—  
*Mine* is an oyster-knife.”

.....

I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please: for so fools have,  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh. SHAKESPEARE.

.....

And Horace quits a while the town for Brighton.

*Horace in London.*

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VOL. II.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

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1821.

1877-1878

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# SCENES AT BRIGHTON

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## CHAPTER I.

~~~~~

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear—  
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief  
In word, or sigh, or tear. COLERIDGE.

.....

Look what you do—you do it still i' the dark.  
SHAKESPEARE.

“*QUIN canta sus males expanta*, as we say in Spain,” exclaimed a young man, who was, with many others, idly lolling on the railings by the side of Donaldson’s. “It is a good expedient—*quin canta sus males expanta*—away with it!” and he whistled off a sigh, as

he spoke, to the tune of "Go to the devil and shake yourself."—"Where are your beauties, Stanley? You have dragged me about from one end of the town to the other, and, faith! I have seen none of them yet." He drew on his black kid glove as he spoke, and the white wristband was neatly displayed over it. "Come, man," linking his arm within Stanley's, and leading him away, as he continued, "come, let us be moving; idleness tempts the devil—and dull care too, I think."

Another sigh rose from his bosom as he concluded, but burying it in "the wrinkle of a smile," he again begged of Stanley to shew him the beauties, the lions, or something.

"Of our beauties," returned Stanley, in reply to his importunities—"of our beauties I can give you but a sorry account. We have the three Miss Templemores,



plemores, and one or two others; but the place was never famous for those firework sort of brilliants, and now it is more destitute than ever. Indeed our beauties have become lions, our lions beauties, if we may class that spacious structure among the number. It is quite the fashion to admire it; but I say it looks for all the world as though *St. Paul's had pupped upon it.*"

"A heterogeneous monster in creation!" exclaimed his companion, in a tone of disgust. "The stones shall cry out of the wall, and the beam of the timber shall answer it."

"Scripture, by the powers!" interrupted Stanley, in an affected tone of surprise. "Where, in the name of sanctity, did you learn it?"

"In the same school that has enabled you to discern that it is such—the cold chapel at Trinity, where we used to shiver together at seven o'clock in the morning."

“ And did it not also teach you charity to the follies of your neighbours?”

“ Nay, Stanley; and if it did, the commodity is so often put into requisition, that it is absolutely worn out. But this is a mad house, or a house run mad; it has neither beginning, middle, front, side, back, or end, and should exclaim, with the mock humility of Brown, the landscape-gardener, not ‘forgive me, father Thames;’ but ‘*excuse me, brother Bedlam.*’ When is it to be finished?

“ When turbots and brills shall forsake the vast main,  
And graze like the cattle and sheep on the plain;  
When the boats on the sea shall be drawn by the donkeys,  
And dandies no more be mistaken for monkeys;  
When none but pure virgins by moonlight are seen,  
Parading in parties the close-crowded Steine;  
When sycophant Snap shall no longer eat toads;  
When not one stagecoach is seen on the glib-running  
roads;

When alderman Puff shall cease seeing his friends;  
When tradesmen in this place forget their own ends;  
When Sharp shall talk nonsense, or Bigwig look wise;  
When Bounce shall speak truth, and when Truebill tell  
lies;

When

When Spickspan shall look dirty, or M'Cloud look clean,

Mrs. Straightlace grow fat, Mrs. Album look lean;

When *Ruffians* and *Exquis* leave off taking snuff,

And Absorbit shall say I've had just 'wine enough;

When Stiffback shall play, or at ninepins or bowls;

When Blackdiamond shall give you fair measure of coals;

When figs grow on thistles, or grapes without sun,

The workmen shall say the P—— is done.

“An extemporary effusion! and it has so exhausted me, that I shall not bring forth another word for a week. But here come Lovelace and Auckland. Shall we join them, or will you bear with me till I recover my breath? A long-winded production that; and if you had been clever, Aubrey, you would have had it all down in short-hand; posterity will lose a great treat by its being an *improviso* production.”

“I have it by a more compendious method still—I have it by heart. Will you like an example?”

“Oh, Heavens, no!” quickly replied

Stanley; "*le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.*"

"Just look at the bold Waxy," said captain Auckland, who was upon them before they expected it. "Look at the bouquets that decorate the lamp-irons—bachelor's buttons and Venus's looking-glass."

"Mare's tails and horseshoe geraniums," interrupted Stanley. "He should blend a little *larkspur* among his *cockscomb*."

"Nay, now you are too hard upon him," said captain Lovelace, who made a principle of taking his part; "too hard, upon my soul! he is not the *slow* fellow you take him for, though I say it, that should not. He used me damn'd bad just now! What do you think he did?"

"What?" they all exclaimed at once, expecting a great deal from the starting eyes of the narrator.

"Would not let me mount the box!  
He

He stood a moment with his mouth open, after he had said the word, in a *slang* attitude of astonishment — “ would not let me mount the box, because I should spoil the *contour* of his coach, as if costume mattered so much.”

“ Every thing,” said captain Auckland, with wonder at his want of notion, and awake to the very name of dress, “ every thing; and it is every body’s duty to keep it up. But why did you not capitulate with him? You had nothing to do but to have sported an upper *benjamin*, and you could have played the *ruffian’s* part in a minute.”

“ Catch me at it,” said Lovelace, in a slang tone, that would not have discredited the adoption. “ Besides, the regulation, what was to become of that? No, I did the best thing.—‘ If you wont let me come up as I am,’ says I, ‘ I wont come up at all. It is no joke to have one’s jacket covered with flue. Besides, gold lace was made to be looked at.’ But

here comes the *team*. Doesn't hold the *ribbons* badly. Gar it!" whistling thro' his teeth as it approached, "gar it!—pull up, Jem — That's right. Famous set out, an't it?"

With the true *jarvy* touch Mr. Waxy raised his elbow on a level with his hand, touched his hat, stopped his prads, and saluted the gentlemen.

Stanley and his friend took advantage of the opportunity, and leaving captain Auckland and Lovelace to the full enjoyment of the *ruffian's* society, passed on from the Steine to the Marine Parade.

"There are Mr. Stanley and lord Mountvillars," said Mary to her sister, unconsciously clinging closer to her arm, as she made the discovery. "I see them just turning off the Steine. We shall meet them in a moment, and the  
wind

wind has so straightened my hair, that I am sure I am not fit to be seen."

"It is Mr. Stanley, to be sure," returned Cecil, screwing up her eyes as she spoke, for they were at so great a distance no one could distinctly discern them, "it certainly is Stanley; but as to lord Mountvillars, I am sure you are quite mistaken; he is never to be seen out of his curricule; and sir Archibald Murray told me last night, they were going together to-day, to drop a *ticket of digestion* at lord —. He is very intimate there, and sir Archibald thinks, *en train*, to be taken in by his daughter. She is painfully ugly, and so passionate, that she makes a point of breaking a looking-glass every time she dresses herself, and cannot keep a servant, for she generally knocks them down once a-week with the curling-tongs."

"If you are not certain as to what you are saying," said Mary, in a quick tone to her sister, "I should have no

hesitation in pronouncing that to be lord Mountvillars. See, he has crape round his hat ; his tunic is black. Pray step even, for it certainly is him."

" Nonsense!" returned Cecil, in so perfect a tone of indifference, that it staggered the opinion of Mary. " How can you be so ridiculous?" she continued. " I tell you he is gone to —, for I saw him pass with sir Archibald in the curricule ; and his pudding of a back can never be mistaken. Why you never can have seen lord Mountvillars ; for though this man is in black, he is no more like him than I am like him. Lord Mountvillars is taller, older, and handsomer."

" We shall see," said Mary, in a pettish tone of voice, and a mildly-beaming smile upon her countenance, for the gentlemen were near enough to catch the expression ; " we shall see ; but you are always so positive. If it is him, Stanley will introduce him ; if not, I shall



shall be satisfied ;” and she displayed her beautiful teeth as she concluded, bowed to a carriage, and came up to the gentlemen with all the *sang froid* that was possible.

“Those are the Templemores bearing down upon us, like two beautiful ships in full sail,” said Stanley to his friend, pointing them out as they gracefully approached from the distance. “Come along with me, and I will introduce you.”

“Not as you love me, Hal,” said his companion, making an attempt at releasing his arm. “I stay then, but on this condition,” he continued, finding his friend would not readily part with him ; “I stay but on this condition, that you do not make me known to them. I am not in the humour for trifling, and nothing else but that refined and delicate dainty, called *small-talk*, will suit the comprehension of a Brighton belle. The blue devils that infest me have scared all

my courtesy away ; ill temper lies buried under my studied accumulation of smiles ; and I could not promise you, but I should tax them with detected ignorance and folly, and finally get hunted out of the town for a wild man of the woods."

"Have it your own way," said Stanley, approaching too near the ladies to have recourse to the powers of persuasion. "We must set you down, I see, by the side of Mrs. Basbleue. My idea is with Marmontel — '*La sagesse est bonne quelquefois ; mais toujours de la sagesse.*'"

"Perhaps you are right," returned his friend, in a tone of the most listless indifference. '*La conversation doit être un délassement ; et que pour être agréable, il faut qu'elle soit un peu frivole.* My *délassement* however must be——

"A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain."

They

They had now joined the Miss Templemores, and Stanley was soon too much taken up in setting himself off, or perhaps a little relieved in his fears of his friend's *cutting him out*, to trespass in the least on his conditions.

There was a cool unconcern in the demeanour of the *incognito* that soon set the Miss Templemores against him; and as a spontaneous readiness to judge of every person by the first impressions of their countenance is among the most universal feelings of the mind, so they mentally pronounced him a stupid fellow, that nobody cared for, and any body in the world but lord Mountvillars. His features indeed, though arranged with the strictest attention to beauty, had nothing in them to charm the Miss Templemores, who, beginning to be spoiled by the admiration of the world, could see no brilliancy in any eye that did not confessedly catch its brightest charm

charm from the *reflection* of their own ; and in the promptness of their displeasure for the total unconcern he had manifested, they gave the stranger credit for a phlegmatic combination of countenance, a cheerless querulous disposition, and none of the sense, capacity, susceptibility, genius, discrimination, sensation, combination, audacity, *fugacity*, of a first-rate man of fashion, or what they had been taught to expect in his lordship.

Such were the involuntary and spontaneous impressions that rose on their minds ; and how she had ever supposed him to be lord Mountvillars, was as incomprehensible to Mary, as that he should walk by their side, whoever he might be, without being introduced, was to the self-complacency of Cecil.

Objects in the world that offer no emolument soon cease to interest ; and  
the

the stranger was, in the space of a few moments, "a thing of nought" to the Miss Templemores. Mary indeed, notwithstanding her resolves, was *nobody* for *anybody* but Stanley; and Cecil had too soon forgot her mother's advice to think of any thing on earth but poor Steinbach. With this her eyes were wildly on the search for his figure, and her heart was ready to jump from her bosom when she saw any thing that resembled him. Too anxious to talk herself, she left the task entirely to her sister, who did not seem to want her assistance; and Stanley, on his part, made up for the taciturnity of his friend.

With spirits buoyant as his own, Mary entered into all his whimsical remarks on the objects that passed them, quizzed without

---

————— "Scruple

Scambling, out-fac'd, fashion-mong'ring boys,  
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,  
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness."

In

In short, "their words were a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." This woman's bonnet was laughed at; that man's cravat. No one indeed was safe from their scrutiny—no one but came under their lash.

"What do you do with yourselves to-night?" at length demanded Stanley, who was reminded by the meeting of the *muffin-boy* that it was time to retire for dress; "must we manage to exist without you till we meet at lady O'Shannon's, or do you condescend to go and look in upon them in North-street?"

"In North-street!" exclaimed Mary, rather checked in her mirth by the demand—"in North-street! Is there then any chance that you will join the party? Why you will eat your supper off the counter, drink antimonial wine instead of champaigne, cream of tartar for lemonade, tamarinds and refined liquorice

quorice for dessert, camomile-flowers in lieu of greenhouse-plants——”

“Aromatic vinegar and castor oil for salad,” interrupted Stanley, “and *salt* to be had in abundance. But here comes Oldboy; let us ask him what prescription he follows.”

“Oh, one may anticipate his reply,” retorted Mary; “he feasts with no one but the man in the moon, where his repast is——”

“*A mouthful of moonshine* at best,” interrupted Stanley; “and what he need not go farther than his sister’s carpet-dances for the enjoyment of.” They were now at the Miss Templemores’ door, and the gentlemen took their departure.—“You will dance with me to-night?” said Stanley, in a tone of entreaty, stepping back for a moment, and leaving his friend a few paces from them.

Mary was silent, for the evening was too closely connected in her mind with  
lord

lord Mountvillars for her to make any engagement independent of him.

“ Why do you hesitate ?” asked Stanley, taking her hand within his as he spoke: “ let it be *alpha* and *omega* as usual—the supper dance, any dance, every dance, dear Mary, so that you do but dance with me.”

Mary could not resist the affectionate supplication of his manner; he had called her *Mary* for the first time, and she thought the name had never sounded so sweet.—“ I *will* dance with you,” she said, gently disengaging the hand he still held, “ I will dance with you, depend on it; but there is your friend shivering to death in the cold, therefore let us decide which it is to be when we again meet in the evening.”

“ Poor Mountvillars !” said Stanley, turning round to his friend as he spoke, and smiling at the patience he was manifesting—“ poor Mountvillars ! you  
make



make me, Miss Templemore, forget every body but yourself."

"Mountvillars?" repeated Mary, attending to nothing in her dismay but the surprising and painful discovery.

"Yes, lord Mountvillars," returned Stanley; and joining his friend, they were out of sight in a moment.

"There now!" said Mary, forgetting in her horror that the servant had opened the door; but Cecil, to whom the exclamation was addressed, was already in her own apartment—"there now!" again began Mary, out of breath with running up stairs as fast as she ever was able, "there now, Cecil! I told you so; the man we have been walking with *was* lord Mountvillars; and what end had you in deceiving me?"

"Lord Mountvillars!" repeated Cecil, in a tremulous tone of dismay—"Mountvillars! it could not be! nay, Mary, you wish to torment me."

Mary

Mary soon perceived that her sister had been as far from the knowledge as herself; and reconciled to her partner in perplexity, they soon vented their grievances together.

“He must think me a dolt,” said Cecil, “for I never spoke a word while he was present.”

“He must think me a fool,” said Mary, “for I never talked so much nonsense in my life.”

“I will never let my tongue rest,” said Cecil, “until I this night do away the impression.”

“And I,” said Mary, “will never open my lips before him again but to rescue my friends from detraction.”

“I cannot think how I could be so silly!” they both exclaimed in a breath. Then each bitterly declared the case of the one was nothing to compare to the other’s.

“I should not care if I had said nothing,”

thing," moaned Mary, in a mood of despondency, "for his lordship did not do much more himself."

"But I do," returned Cecil, in a pet, "for I know that silent men prefer talkative women."

For a moment Mary was easier; but then the *matter* of her discourse had been such, that no man of sense could approve it. No man of any reflection, who had remained so completely *désœuvré* in the scene as had lord Mountvillars, but must reprobate the part she had acted. With Stanley it was perfectly different; he had led her on, and he had seemed to enjoy it; and her only hope was, that should lord Mountvillars say any thing about it, that Stanley would defend her conduct; and in convincing him that it was only the folly of the moment, exculpate her from the charge of habitual ill temper.

"I never was so little on my guard!" said Cecil, apparently even more provoked

voked about it than her sister : “ never, I must say, was I so little on the *qui vive* as I was to-day. That he can admire me is impossible ; for once, when I had dashed your odious long veil out of my way, which kept flapping all over my face, putting out my eyes, and beating down the trimming of my bonnet till it quite irritated me, I saw that he observed me ; the action had not been the most gentle in the world, but I did not care for it then ; I thought I saw major Steinbach turn up a street, and, in my anxiety, forgot the circumstance till now, when I could almost kill myself for the unguarded folly I was guilty of.”

“ Nothing—nothing, Cecil, to what I have to accuse myself of !” said Mary, with a sigh. “ Why I let Stanley hold my hand in his for half an hour at the door, and when I looked up, lord Mountvillars was observing us. He called me *Mary* too for the first time in his life ; one would almost be tempted to believe  
he

he had done it with the view of a show-off, and no doubt lord Mountvillars takes it for granted there is an engagement existing between us."

"Then did you see me run over that stupid beggar child?" asked Cecil, her face flushing red at the revertence. "Down it went flat; but I should have picked it up, to a certainty, had I supposed lord Mountvillars to be near us. What could have bewitched me, Mary, I cannot say; but even now I can scarcely consider that it *was* lord Mountvillars we have been walking with."

"What indeed?" returned Mary, with a sigh; "I would give worlds, if I had them, if it were otherwise; for what impression can we hope to make to-night, after leaving such an unfavourable one in the morning—an impression which will exhaust the whole stock of our powers to erase from his memory."

"And when we have succeeded in the effort," sadly interrupted Cecil,  
"leaves

“leaves us but where we might once have begun from.”

“*Job’s comforter*, as usual,” said Mary, with a smile, the first she had felt on the occasion. “It is indeed a sad business!” resuming her former disquiet; “a sad business! and were I but certain that Stanley was sincere, I should leave his lordship for yourself or for Leslie.”

“Leslie?” asked Cecil, in a tone of surprise; “you cannot think she will enchant him? if she does, I am sure it will be *destiny*—a thing there is no arming against; therefore, if I have no more potent rival than *still life* to deal with, I am sure I shall come off victorious, though I had betrayed ten times more sullenness and petulance than I blindly this morning indulged in.”

The Miss Templemores were indeed most sadly cut up by the event that took place in the morning; and though they could not entirely do away the hope  
that

that it was still in their power to dispel it, they were, at the same time, not exactly so sanguine in their schemes as they had been before its occurrence. Mary, as she had herself stated, was more than half inclined to *give in*; and Cecil thought it would be a good come-off to *faire les difficiles* herself, and say she did not like him. Time, however, which changes all things, materially altered their plans. The hopes that had faded in *disshabille* were really to blow again in full dress, and they entered lady O'Shannon's drawing-room much better satisfied with their chance than, under existing circumstances, they could have possibly expected to consider it.

## CHAPTER II.

Say can you fast ? your stomachs are too young,  
And abstinence engenders maladies.

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

But I must fast three days a-week.

*Ibid.*

.....

And one day in a week to touch no food,

And but one meal on every day beside ;

Oh, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ! *Ibid.*

.....

————— Let wantons, light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire's phrase,

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

*Ibid.*

LADY O'Shannon was the wife of an Irish baronet, and the mother of many sons—sons of so affectionate a nature, that they still clung to the parent nest, instead of erecting a roost of their own. But sticks and straws are known to cost money ;



money; and as the master O'Shannons were by no means of the prodigal order of sons, they wisely preferred partaking of their patrimonial *pot-luck*, instead of running riot on their own bottoms; that is, they consented "to bear the ills they had, rather than fly to others that they knew not of." Behold them, then, all shut up under one roof, grunting and sweating, as Shakespeare has it (for I could not use such words), to make much out of a little, and, as *aquila non captat muscas*, spunging on their friends for a feed at every convenient opportunity. Nothing indeed can exceed their diligence at a dinner-table! then are they, as justice Greedy says, "in their own conceit a monarch at the least—arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the baked, from which they eat often, and give thanks when their bellies are braced up like a drum; and that's pure comfort." Then to see their alacrity in flying to a supper! "'tis matter of importance,"

o 2

ance," and no dance can build securely on their presence without it; for, as "they wise men know, without the *dumpling* 'tis not worth threepence." But all this is merely to make up for recent losses; not the eating, for the sake of eating, but the administering "to a foolish stomach that croaks for breakfast." Indeed, if they were *gourmands*, they could not support the penalties and privations of the paternal roof—could never consent to the receiving *short commons* to-day, because they were going out to dinner to-morrow.

Yet such is the slavery that "flesh is heir too," if it wishes to puff itself off as rich in the world, while possessed of a limited income—such the economy essential to be maintained, if that insatiable monster, *a rage for appearing like other people*, is once consented to be indulged in. Farewell then to hospitality and to friendship! The stranger, far from

from being entreated to *drop in and take his mutton*, is avoided as they would a vampire; while the *at home* that for fashion's sake is essential to give once a-week, robs them of the necessities and comforts that make life desirable.

Lady O'Shannon, however, did not trouble herself to pay off scores in this way; she had a convenient argument instead, which proved that if her sons did not contrive to make themselves sufficiently agreeable to cancel the debt by their presence, that their entertainers must take them on *tick*, and look to chance and to time for the payment.

Young men, however, *are young men* in the world; and whatever little else they may have to recommend them, their *broad cloth* will always ensure them a seat in society at Brighton. Thus it was with the O'Shannons; no one expected pleasure or emolument from the

connexion, yet they managed, nevertheless, to get their knees *under the mahogany* of their neighbours, and to dine more frequently at the *damage* of others than ever they did at their own. Indeed they are in no ways particular as to the *where* or to the *whom* they go; for while they consider, with Diogenes, that that wine is best which is drank at the expence of others, they have no necessity for any delicate refinements in the case, but follow blindly the path that good luck leads them into, pluming their wit upon the proverb, that “fools make feasts and wise men eat them,” and their scruples as to payment by another that says, “he that gives to a grateful man puts out to usury.”

This rule of conduct, however, extends not to the lady their mother, who, more circumspect in her connexions, and visiting them but seldom, manages to clear off all scores by giving an *at home*  
once

once a-year—an epocha in the lives of her sons! for though they strut for it a month, *'fore and aft*, as some of them would say, yet it is a comfort for once to see plenty on the table, and to have on their best coats, instead of the old shooting jackets they generally trot about the house in.

It was on one of these occasions that the Miss Templemores joined the party, equipped for conquest, and hoping, yet dreading to again meet with lord Mountvillars, their unknown companion in the morning. But their fears for the present were groundless; for though many of rank were collected together, he made not one of the number. Anxiously each newcomer was examined as he entered the room; but while they received Steinbach, Stanley, sir Archibald, and Auckland, lord Mountvillars joined not the party. Much of their comfort depended on the knowledge of what course he in-

tended to pursue, and whether to ask Stanley, or abide the chance, was a point they prepared to decide on.

“I should be as mad as possible,” said Cecil, “if he was to come in after I have danced a number of dances; one never looks so well as at the first set out, and I am determined to decline all engagements till I think it is too late to expect him.”

“That will never do,” said Mary, surprised at the arrangement of her sister; “for if you give out that you have no intention of dancing, there will be little probability of lord Mountvillars being brought up to you; and I think, from the specimen we had this morning, we have small chance of introduction from Stanley. But if you do not dance, I shall not dance, therefore our hopes must depend upon Leslie; for it will never do for me to burst upon him, subject to the *wear and tear* of the evening, while  
you

you come out with as much precision as if just stepped out of a bandbox."

At this moment lord Mountvillars' name was announced, and the next he was in the apartment.

"It *was* lord Mountvillars then," softly breathed Cecil, in a tone which inferred that a lingering doubt had till now remained in her bosom; "it really was lord Mountvillars, and nothing can exceed my vexation. I wonder if he will recollect us out of our bonnets?"

"Certainly he will," returned Mary, "and will avoid us as he would a pest; but our apprehensions may rest for the present, for he is being introduced to Miss W——; and the best thing we can do is to go and dance in the same quadrille with them."

Stanley and Steinbach were now made happy by the hands of the young  
c 5 ladies;

ladies; and placing themselves in the set, they waited for lord Mountvillars and his partner to join them. Couple after couple however came in, and still their hopes were defeated; and they were just giving themselves up to despair, when they saw Miss W——'s red flowers making through the crowd, for the evident purpose of joining them. She came, but her partner was sir Archibald Murray; and with disappointment they saw that lord Mountvillars still remained a careless spectator of the scene. But there was now no retreat for them, and they set about dancing their best, as the only alternative left them; Cecil all the time talking so fast to Steinbach that he in vain tried to understand her, and Mary remaining so very silent to Stanley that he feared he must have displeased her.

Perhaps an object never seems so desirable to obtain as when we fear from mischance we have lost it; and Mary  
never



never stood so exalted in Stanley's opinion, as she did when she apparently ceased to desire it. He feared he had offended her by his presumption in the morning; and admiring the feeling that dictated resentment, he deplored, while he approved the correction.—“She is a treasure in herself,” he mentally exclaimed; “and whatever her fortune, I'll have her.” But it was easier to make the arrangement than on reflection to put it in practice; and when he considered the blessed healthy state of his father's constitution, his *cummudging* principles, compared to the extravagance of his own, he confessed that it was not his lot to marry for love, and that unless he met “wi' a lass wi' a lump o' land,” he must continue to

“Troll a bachelor's merry life.”

It was these reflections, joined to the forbidding manners of Mary, that made him as *triste* as herself; and mentally

c 6

swearing

swearing at the extravagance of the times, the fooleries of youth, the scarcity of cash, and the multitude of duns, he sunk into a similar silence.

Mary all the time was intently studying the character of lord Mountvillars; and though she might have arrived at it, in a more compendious method, by applying to the talent of Stanley, she rather preferred attaining it through the medium of her own perceptions, than, by entering into conversation with her companion, strengthen those impressions in the mind of lord Mountvillars that might render the knowledge unnecessary.

Lord Mountvillars indeed was a book in which all ladies might look, and find ample reward for their trouble; and Mary, while she gazed in admiration on his noble and commanding figure, his interesting expression of countenance, could

only wonder, over and over again, that he could pass unobserved in the morning.

Generally superior to the young men that surrounded him, he seemed, in the loftiness of pride, to tower above all conciliatory endeavours; to stand alone in the room, deigning little to notice others, and apparently more satisfied himself with inspiring awe, than of becoming the object of attentive importunity.

Beautiful as an Antinous, graceful as an Apollo, he stood the avowed idol of the crowd—the secret source of many a lady's love! Indian-like, however, they adored the sun, that looked upon its worshippers, but knew of them no more; and though they mentally exclaimed, with all the energy of an Helena—"Oh, then give pity to them whose fate is such!" it had, alas! no influence over the *flinty-hearted idol* of their preference,  
who,

wrapped in a haughty mood of indifference, still calmly gazed around; and if his eye for a moment bade a foolish heart beat, by resting on the casket that contained it, the *sang-froid* of the removal restored it to itself, and his lordship was pronounced not *comeatable*.

Beauty indeed seemed to have no charms for lord Mountvillars. Like the gay children of Flora's parterre, he would listlessly gaze on their graces; believe them fragile as sweet, born to bless the sight of man, yet conducing but little to his comfort; formed for the sunshine of the nightly ball, but withering in the shade of domestic duties. Unsocial and cheerless he stood; of irresistible beauty even in his frown, yet captivating more by his dejection; gaining a place in every heart, through the sadness that oppressed his own, and promising a heaven to those who should plant the smile of happiness on features that.

that scarcely needed that charm towards perfecting. Such was the creature the Miss Templemores had set their hearts on securing; and in contemplating the majesty of his mien, in silently paying homage to the perfections of his presence, Cecil lost the thread of her discourse with Steinbach. Despairing of an introduction, yet cherishing fresh hopes with each new quadrille, she impatiently awaited the upshot; forming fresh plans for success in each new defeat, and prognosticating a better chance for herself from the overthrow of those of her neighbours. But lord Mountvillars was alike unkind to all, declined every overture from the mistress of the revels, and finally provoked the Miss Templemores to think, with Marmontel, that "*quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a*"—make the best of a bad bargain, and provide themselves with other partners."

Nothing

Nothing was so easy as to attain them, and they endeavoured to forget the disappointment of the past, by the heartless enjoyment of the present. But the Mr. O'Shannons, though *rara avises* in their own opinion, were little agreeable to the partners they had taken; and while listening to the malevolent gossip of one, the frippery, the folly, and conceit of the other, the Miss Templemores had little chance of dispelling from their minds their disappointment in regard to lord Mountvillars. Dissatisfied with themselves, and weary with the events of the night, they retired at a late hour to rest, less sanguine in their own powers of bringing things to their wishes, and *disliking* as much as they *admired* lord Mountvillars.

“I never saw such a *stick!*” said Cecil to her sister, when confidentially conversing together; “he never spoke a word to any body all the night,  
and:

and looked like a sorrow-stricken Hamlet."

"Hamlet indeed!" returned Mary, with a bright look of admiration; "I never saw any thing so perfect, so transcendently superior, so out of the common run of the dandies of the day! it is true he did not talk much, as you say; but did you see him converse with Miss W——? There was a magic in his smile I can never forget, and I shall never be happy till we know him."

"Nor I either, as to that," replied Cecil, with a half-suppressed sigh; "for he really is superior to the generality of men. Steinbach himself sunk into insignificance by the comparison, and captain Hillsborough was nothing beside him."

"I do not think that would be the opinion of Leslie," said Mary, with the hope her surmises were groundless; "that captain Hillsborough admires her,

her, I am tempted to believe, and I think she returns his advances."

"She danced with him twice last night," returned Cecil, "which does not much look like indifference; and I wonder what mamma would now say to her wonderful powers of discernment."

"That she was right," coolly returned Mrs. Templemore, who had, unknown to them, entered the apartment. "Do not look so alarmed, my dear girls," she continued, "I have heard nothing but your misprision of my talents, and I intend merely to stay to defend them. Leslie does *not* like captain Hillsborough, which perhaps you may consent to believe, when I tell you he made last night a sort of a proposal of his hand, and she without hesitation declined it."

Cecil and Mary stood transfixed, and they could scarcely recover themselves to ask what could be Leslie's objections;  
he



he was rich, handsome, the son of a baronet; in short, there was not a reason against him.

“Merely the want of reciprocal affection,” returned Mrs. Templemore, with calmness.

“No reason at all, mamma,” answered Cecil; “*that*, you know, in these times, is expected to come afterwards. Marry in haste, and love at leisure, is the favourite doctrine of the day.”

“If that is the case,” interrupted Mrs. Templemore, “I wonder you do not patronize sir Archibald?”

Cecil looked foolish, and replied—“I believe you expect more from that quarter, mamma, than any encouragement of mine would ever elicit.”

“Why does he not speak to the purpose?”

“He does not speak at all, mamma; he once offered me a *tame wolf*, and that is all the *tendresse* he has testified.”

“Nonsense!”

“Nonsense!” retorted Mrs. Templemore, between a smile and a frown, “you are talking, dear Cecil, at random. Say what you will, but I do consider that you are trifling with a preference that might eventually lead to advantage.”

“If there is advantage in being tied to a *log* all one’s life, perhaps I might consent to admit your inference; but as it is, I think neither I nor you, dear mamma, need regret when sir Archibald takes his dismissal. If captain Hillsborough had, for example——”

“Oh, Cecil, how like you are to the rest of your sex! As Shakespeare says, ‘that which we have we prize not to the worth,’ and you neglect your own conquests in foolishly yearning after Leslie’s.”

“Not exactly, mamma,” returned Cecil, with a saucy smile, “not exactly that, or you would not have occasion to lecture me so much about Steinbach.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Templemore returned the smile; and Cecil becoming bold, asked—"Shall I not at last, dear mamma, obtain your consent to my wishes?"

"I have little opinion of its necessity," impressively returned Mrs. Templemore. "I once told you before, that Steinbach was not a marrying man; and as he returns to his own country in a month, the wooing must be quick indeed to enable me to provide for a daughter."

Cecil was the colour of marble, and her mother fearing she had been too premature in making her discovery, set about soothing the weakness of her daughter.

"And what can it be to you, my dear girl," she said, "when so insignificant a person as the major takes his departure? Can you ever hope to benefit  
by

by one who has nothing on earth to bestow? What happiness can you expect from a man who is deficient in all but appearances — of no family — no connexions, scarcely speaking a word to be understood, and as perfectly heartless, I firmly believe, as I in my fears for your safety can wish him?"

"Indeed, mamma, you wrong him," returned Cecil, with tears in her eyes; "I am sorry to see that you wrong him; he is more sentimental than any being I know, and his feelings, of course, are most exquisite."

"I should have supposed you to possess more sense," said Mrs. Templemore, in reply, "and I grieve to perceive your deficiency. What has sentiment to do with the firm feelings of the heart? and tell me if in any instance Steinbach has evinced them?"

Cecil was silent.

"What

“What do you consider his intention of shortly quitting England?”

“A base and a cruel deception.” But she could not believe there was any truth in the report, and she requested her mother’s authority.

“Himself.”

Cecil started from her seat, and she could scarcely pronounce the—“Impossible!” She was white and red by turns, and she continued—“Impossible! Not from *himself*, mamma; for then I should not be a stranger to it. Steinbach is not deceitful; and though he has never given me cause to believe myself beloved, he cannot be so blind to my preference as to treat it so very uncourteously.”

“When a folly is confessed, they say it is half repented of. I hope, Cecil,” said Mrs. Templemore, with quickness, “that this is the case with you; and in so openly proclaiming your transgression, you lead me to believe that  
henceforth

henceforth you will struggle with your preference for one who, I think, without saying it to wound your *sensitive* heart, cares as little about you as even *I* could possibly desire."

"From what do you form your conclusions?"

"His general demeanour and manner; he dances with you, it is true, with pleasure; but then does he not evince the same satisfaction in becoming the partner of another? does he not sing with equal unconcern to the entreaties of yourself, as he would to the request of your sisters?"

Cecil was wounded to the quick, in thus having the plain truth dealt out before her; and while little convinced herself of the circumstance it was meant to establish, she adverted to a song that he had given her.

"Nonsense! nonsense, Cecil!" returned

ed Mrs. Templemore, provoked at the weakness of her daughter. "What are a hundred such songs to you? what more than many of the Italian ones, that others are constantly humming?"

"Oh, mamma, it does mean a great deal, say what you will—

"Mein Mädchen ist so weit von hier,  
Es trennet sie Berg und Thal;  
Ach lieber Zephir flieg zu ihr  
Du Zeuge meiner Qual.

"I know what it all means—he is constantly singing it; and indeed—indeed I must consider it the language of the heart."

"And one, I should think, the heart would never reply to. However, you know best. But tell me, what are your plans, should the major prove willing?"

"To marry, and follow his fortunes."

"You will never overtake them, my dear girl, for I understand, to a certainty, he has got nothing."

“You trifle, mamma,” observed Cecil, considerably vexed. “It is not the way to remove an evil by treating it as a thing of no moment; and though many of the disquietudes of life require the same treatment as you would use to spoiled children, it is neither fair or kind, mamma, I think, for you to laugh at me. I must be diverted, and beguiled of that sense of pain, which time only can radically cure, and which makes me the pettish thing you find me.”

Cecil indeed found she was going too far; and perceiving her mother was angry, she sought to divert its effect, by confessing the fault she had fallen into.

“I cannot think,” said Mary, who had till now kept quite, *hors de combat*, “I cannot think, Cecil, what can induce you to like him. To be sure, he *makes music* very well, as he calls it—is very handsome



handsome—dresses well, and is certainly very entertaining, from the mistakes he makes in his diction.”

“ I can see nothing to laugh at in it,” returned Cecil, still continuing to be somewhat offended. “ How would you have him talk ? He has only been in England six months, and certainly does infinite credit to his master.”

“ *How* would I have him talk, dear Cecil !” resumed Mary, repeating her words ; “ why, I would have him call things by their right names—not tell us about *bull’s hands* being made into jelly, or that the ladies in his country wear *hen’s pens* in their hair. I would have him call his music-desk by some less ludicrous a name than a *pulpit*, and the scented thing in his snuff-box by a more delicate term than a *concubine*.”

Cecil could not resist a smile, and she might have added—“ With all his faults she loved him still,” if that can be

termed *love* which is merely the folly of the senses. But Cecil was unwilling to allow, that that which she considered a weakness of the heart was merely a fanciful fever of the brain, brief as sweet; and as she talked of crying her eyes out when he departed, we may continue, “began in folly, closed in tears.”

But the turbulent channel of a lady's tears, it is no difficult matter to alter; and on lord Mountvillars being introduced to them by Stanley, Cecil's took the direction of grieving rather for his unnatural durity of heart than the premeditated departure of Steinbach. What indeed were a thousand Steinbachs, in comparison to one lord Mountvillars, but as dust in the balance? Yet what availed it to them his extraordinary and many perfections? He remained cold and distant as on the first day they had met; and they were constrained to believe he had either taken a dislike to them,

them, or that his affections were buried in the grave of his father.

Indeed his lordship was an enigma not easy to be solved—one moment relaxing the gloomy furrow of his brow; the next chasing away the smile, by the deep sigh of sadness; this moment the radiant sunbeam of the circle; the next,

“ In every varied posture, place, and hour,  
Widow'd of every thought, of every joy !”

But “ joy is a fixed state, a tenure, not a start;” and whatever the smile might do towards erasing the impression, the general belief was, that lord Mountvillars was miserable. *Why*, was not so easily determined; and whether it was the loss of his father, “ friendship unreturned, or unrequited love,” none of the *on-dits* could resolve on.

It is indeed no easy thing to discover

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where

where can be hid the sting that renders rank, riches, and every personal perfection, of no solace to the mind of the possessor; it is difficult to believe it a successless specific against the cares that oppress the heart—a powerless support to the mind that is afflicted; and yet thus it was with the noble lord in question, who, while his friends pronounced him to possess every thing that could make a man contented, was this moment endeavouring “to drive away the heavy thought of care,” the next resigning himself powerless to its influence.

It is a true old adage, that “no one so well knows where the shoe pinches as he who wears it;” and while that lord Mountvillars’ shoe did sit uncomfortable was evident to every one, no one could take upon themselves to describe the identical point from whence it proceeded.

But,

But, gay or sad, lord Mountvillars was the fashion, the very pet of the place, a *rara avis* among the birds of passage that flew over it, a mighty speculation for the mothers and their daughters, and a never-failing source of conversation to the two Miss Templemores.

## CHAPTER III.

For I was born in joy's despite,  
 And meant for misery's slave,  
 And all my hours of brief delight  
 Fled like the speedy winds of night,  
 Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight  
 Across my grave. MOORE.

.....

Well then is he whose unembitter'd years.  
 Are waning on in lonely listlessness;  
 If life hath little joy,  
 Death hath for him no sting. SOUTHEY.

“WHERE has my friend been consuming the hours?” asked Stanley of lord Mountvillars, as they met at the north corner of the Steine. “I have literally hunted you, to the regular nuisance of all your acquaintances. There is not a house that I have not been into—street that I have not explored; and, faith! as  
Romeo

Romeo says, 'you must have your dancing shoes, with nimble soles,' or I must ere this have overtaken you."

"I have a soul of lead, so stakes me to the ground, I cannot move," sighed lord Mountvillars, following up his friend's quotation. "I have been meditating among the tombs."

"A grave subject," returned Stanley, half ashamed of his attempt at a pun, "and one that I never could get further in than '*alas, poor Yorick!*' I hate to meddle with the mattock and spade, to pry into 'mortal consequences,' to trespass on 'solitary age's drear abode;' in short, I have such a horror of it, that I never travel in the exterminating stages that traffic this road, from the fear they may prove

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————— 'The latter stage  
Of this our mortal pilgrimage."

Lord Mountvillars smiled.—"And yet it is fine," he said, relapsing into gloom;

“ it is fine to contemplate the haven of our cares—to know that it is so far with them, and no farther—to stand upon the confines of two worlds, turning your thoughts from the tortures here below, to there where the tired and harassed heart shall find its consolation. I hate this hard control of hushing up one’s sighs; for, Stanley, sad thoughts will roam, and tears will struggle in the eye of those who have their early sorrows. Nay, ask me not what they are. I tell you, you will know them soon: feelings blasted, hopes betrayed, cannot long remain a secret. ’Tis not enough that they are cold, calculating cares, to drive them away. I cannot rouse my soul to worthier feelings. To me, mirth, glee, all seems changed—it strikes upon my ear, but my heart is too much the cold, morose, gloomy receptacle of sadness, to feel its influence. Oh, Stanley, I am not the creature I was wont to be. Those easy hours we passed together at college



college seem like the idle flittings of my fancy. I ponder over each trifling act with pleasure; trifles then, but now the only touch I have of happiness—a secret hoard, which alone keeps me warm in my wintry path of life. A brighter pleasure cheers the promised hour; and when memory too strongly pours upon my brain, I seek the spot that tells me better times will yet return. Yes, Stanley, the grave is the place for me, the churchyard my fittest dwelling.”

Stanley was affected, in spite of himself; for there was a radiant smile on his friend's countenance, as he concluded, worse than all the “windy suspiration of forced breath—the fruitful river of the eye, together with all the forms, modes, and shows of grief;” and his voice faltered, as he said—“Aubrey, you pain me to the soul. I see you sickening with smothered sadness, and yet I dare not—may not ask you why it is? Cast off these clouds of cares.

————— ‘To persevere  
In obstinate condolment, is a course  
Of impious stubbornness.’

Is it the loss of your father takes you from yourself? You answer not. Fortify your heart then against this first and only grief, check its retrograde motion, and teach it still to look on to long life, and a long—long succession of pleasures. If I was such a fellow as you, I would set the Thames on fire, and light Hymen’s torch with the ashes. *Marry*, my friend; follow my advice, and marry. Philosophers will tell you, you may drive out one care by driving in another; and I think I cannot put you upon a better recipe for the service than taking to yourself a wife. What do you say to Miss Templemore?”

“I would as soon marry a magpye. But a raven must be my bird; and I should even wrong that croaking genius by the affinity. No, I have no dreams of the description. With ‘grief’s sharpest  
est

est thorn hard pressing on my breast, where would be the pillow for beauty and innocence to slumber on? A sorry bridegroom truly! Mourning for the dead, yet linking my fate to the living. A riddle of absurdity! Mounting the couch of love, yet longing, looking for the sleep of death. No, Stanley, no, the outside of the church is the place for me. My measure is too full of woe to admit of a drop of pleasure—it would run over.”

“ And then you would be *spilt*. Excuse my slang, Aubrey. We cannot lose you now—must not see you creep into a narrow cell, leaving all the world behind—a world of pleasures, if you would set about taking it rightly. Put yourself under my tuition, and I will lead you through it—introduce you into a ‘perpetuity of bliss,’ earthly bliss, that shall not break at every breeze—enroll you in a list of endless comfort—turn out the worm that is curling round  
your

your heart, and twirl there instead the silken link of loveliness. Yes, fall in love, man, I say, and save yourself. Its jealous fears, its pleasant pains, will soon restore the citadel; its strange extremes, its proud words, *implicit lies*, perversity, blindness, dotage, derangement, poison, sting, passion, calmness, and calamity, cannot leave space for any other feeling, and Richard must become himself again."

"Never!" pronounced lord Mountvillars, with the emphatic tone of despondency; "never, Stanley! never! There is not a woman in the world I would ask for the having; or a hope in my bosom that if I did, and were accepted, I should meet integrity and truth for my trouble. But I am safe from all allurements; perpetual smiles cannot pierce, beyond the hour, the selfish heart, selfish amidst its sadness. 'The gay bosom dances while the syren sings;' but the rock of adamant, erected by grief, turns off the shafts of Cupid, opens

opens to the eye the dull realities of folly, and teaches wisdom in the very depth of its despondency."

"Then you cut the softer sex, Aubrey, and mean positively to live and die a bachelor?"

"*Die* one, if you please, Stanley; living is against my creed."

"Nay, Aubrey, I have said it before; we cannot afford to part with you. Dying is a cowardly system at best; and one the *modern philosophers* intend doing away as soon as they are able. Why *you* should take to it, who have made so many strides towards perfectibility, is a problem to me time only can decipher. You, who are, as Dogberry says, 'as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.'"

"*Losses* enough, in all conscience!"  
said

said lord Mountvillars, quickly catching at the word; "but nothing else perfect in the picture. I have indeed no homogeny with Dogberry—none of the good things he describes to bear me through my lot. I envy the fellow, instead of claiming kindred.

' No comfort delights mine ear,  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine,  
And bid him speak of patience."

"Write me down an ass," said Stanley, with the persevering privilege of friendship, "write me down an ass, Aubrey, but marriage will do your mission; 'tis the sweet Philomel that will cheat you of your sorrow, and teach you there are dearer tasks in this world than weeping for your father."

"He was a kind parent, Stanley—one whom my soul yet fondly remembers; and with never-ceasing pride and filial joy, I shall ever hallow his memory. But though his sudden decease wounded  
my

my heart, it speaks not in the case that now consumes me. Fresh griefs are hourly sown in this nether world, and the smile that exhilarates the soul this hour, is turned to the distorted one of agony the next. It is indeed a changeable, a dreary world! ‘One disappointment sure to crown the rest,’ each deeper, longer, heavier, than the last. Yet still we live—flutter from one complaint to another; and be they sharp as those I bear, still fail to ‘break the bars of terror and abhorrence,’ but hug the life-blood in our hearts, and live to taste of pleasure—pleasure, the phantom of a poet’s song, the visionary tenant of an empty heart.”

“We shall have you in a *cross road* soon, my friend, if we do not take care,” said Stanley, assuming a gaiety he was very far from feeling. “It is high time a log should be put upon you; choose its character yourself, Aubrey; but a  
log

log literally must be fashioned as means for your security."

"No, Stanley, I shall not destroy myself; and grief, cruel in its kindness, corrodes the heart, but does not stop its pulse; assails the frame with agonizing feelings, yet leaves that frame a living clod, still bearing about the burden of mortality."

"And yet it is a good gift to those who bask in the sunshine of prosperity," said Stanley. "It is for such poor devils as myself to rail at life, not those who can count guineas with every pulse that beats, create sighs in every tender bosom responsive to their own, and keep sorrow at bay by the dexterous darts of Cupid."

"*Cupid* again, Stanley! I am sick of its very sound." As he spoke his features relaxed into a hard smile. "And who would you recommend, were I to follow your counsel—a counsel, Stanley,  
' which



‘ which fills mine ears as profitless as water in a sieve.’

“ Mary Templemore.”

“ And why *Mary* Templemore? Is she not your own love, Stanley — at least your love-elect?”

“ I have no hopes of the sort, Aubrey,” said Stanley, turning something like a sigh into the affectation of a cough. “ She cares no more for me than I for Hecuba; and where I love, there must I be requited. No, I do not think I love her.”

“ But there is another?”

“ Cecil? A flirting butterfly, that rests on no man’s heart long enough to make an impression; a moth, that dances in the beam to the tune of her own humming; flies at a candle, but will never, like her prototype, scorch her wing in the flame. She has not heart enough for you.”

“ If heart is to meet heart, Stanley, in your arrangement a little will suffice.

But

But there is yet another?" and there was something like interest in the manner of lord Mountvillars as he made the demand.

"Oh, yes, there is another," returned Stanley; "but there is so much of the melancholy element about her, that she will never answer the purpose. Time would indeed go on crutches with her. In a week you would mope yourselves mad; and at the end of the honeymoon we should only have two *cross roads* to provide you with, instead of one. What made you think of her?"

"Faith, I know not! unless it is that she seems solitary and wretched, like myself. I often seek her side; for there I know that quiet will at least be mine. She is not like her bustling sisters—glowing in the sunshine of worldly admiration; till they scorch the eye that gazes on them. I have sat for an hour by her side, without once uttering a word, and silent she has borne with me,  
never

never resenting the apparent inattention, but feeling, humouring, and pitying the morbidity that dictated it."

"She is as poor as charity," said Stanley, "and, like Macbeth's amen, poor people always stick in my throat."

"Her dark hair is a fortune in itself," said lord Mountvillars, "while the half-averted eye, the cheek suffused with blushes—modest blushes, not of consciousness, proclaim such loveliness of mind, that she is rich, Stanley—richer than her sisters with all their gold. But how came the distinction?"

"An abstruse point that no one yet has fathomed. Doctors' Commons has been ransacked, and offers no relief; all we know is this, the money centres in one; but the *how much*, or whether it is Cecil or Mary, no one yet can determine on."

"Then Leslie is out of the question?"

"*Leslie!* well said, old mole! that smatters but little of the grave work.

You

You are in love, Aubrey, and the greatest note of it is your melancholy. We shall have you now lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a doublet, singing fresh ditties from the shrine of love, forming wreaths of the sky-blue periwinkle, and swearing they are the same hue as the *sky-lights* to your lady's soul. Oh, mighty, mighty Cupid! Oh, hasty, testy Romeo! say rather you have been to publish the banns of marriage, than to take the measure of an unmade grave."

Lord Mountvillars did not deny the charge; but there was a careless indifference about him that did the service for him. Stanley saw he was mistaken, and again persuading himself there was no love on his part towards her, or perhaps piqued with the devotion she had shewn his friend, he spoke of Mary—spoke of her with the enthusiasm of an admiring, yet careless heart, as one who  
knew

knew her value, but failed to find advantage from it—as one who saw her with the eyes of fondness, but never glanced a look of love.

Lord Mountvillars pondered as he spoke; he had not been blind to the attentions Mary paid him; but the impression that his friend was touched by love, turned them powerless away, and he rather sought to avoid their repetition than to avail himself of the advances they solicited. She was a bright star, that, as he himself expressed it, dazzled too much to love; he shrunk from the world-wind of her splendid orbit, and thought

“What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?”

Such were his present feelings—what they had become, a miracle—a miracle indeed! and such an one as to set all Brighton up in arms!

“There

“There is lord Mountvillars dancing with Mary Templemore!” said the mother of five full-grown daughters, all quite aghast at the phenomenon before them. In silent wonderment they stood, and their mother continued—“There will be no bearing her now; she was always hoity-toity enough, but for the future I suppose she will mount the high horse with a vengeance. Hold up your heads, girls; she cannot say she is a *barrow-knight's* daughter, let her carry her tail as long as she pleases. When you get such partners, girls, you will keep them; her pride will soon have a downfall, for his lordship will never think of marrying such a tear about.”

“La, no, ma!” said one of her daughters; “she dresses in things like we see at milliner’s shops; and men, I’m sure, don’t like their wives to be extravagant.”

“I never could bear either her or her sister,” interrupted another; “and the  
little

little one looks to-night as if butter would not melt in her mouth. I am sure her sisters bully her, she seems so meek and tame; you never see her ram-panting about."

"But she has got the same knack of catching at the best partners in the room," observed a third; "I know the other night captain Hillsborough was going to ask me to dance with him if she had not looked at him, and nothing turns a man so soon; how I hate to see her splashing about the dance (if one wants good dancing, one can go to the theatre for it), doubling up her foot as if it had got the cramp, and looking so piteous when she does the *pas seul*!—a parcel of affectation!"

"Let us go to the card-room," interrupted another, "and then Miss Mary will not see we are looking at her; she is as proud as Punch already, and do not let her see that we have noticed her triumph." And they walked into the

card-room, just as Mrs. Galen walked out of it.

“ I think that will *friz*,” said she, addressing the first person she came up to; “ a match to a moral certainty.” And she thought how nice the “ dear doctor” would play the part of accoucheur. “ It is the first time,” she continued, “ his lordship has mounted the fantastic toe; and take my word for it, it will *friz* before he has done with it. Men of his description do not waste their substance for nothing; it is those who have nothing to lose that are willing to give every thing they have.”

“ Men of distinction indeed !” returned her friend; “ a proud puppy, that never so much as notices one! Let people talk as they will about his dull ease and melancholy, and such like stuff, I know it is pride—pride that fears to be presumed upon—a mute misanthrope, monkey-like, afraid to speak lest he should be made to work. If he was not

as



as rich as twenty Jews, I should say he danced with Miss Templemore for her money."

"Her money forsooth!" said a young man, lounging up to them, and joining their party. "There can be no kernel in that light nut.' I always said so; it all belongs to the old un, and she is as sharp as a needle. I asked the groom the other day whose horses they were. 'My mistress's,' answered the fellow, meaning Mrs. Templemore's. I always said so; but people take such nonsense in their heads. I knew the girls had not a purse among them, or I would have made a hop, skip, and a jump into it before now; it is as safe in the old woman's pocket as though it were at the bottom of the Red Sea; and she has too much of the buxom on board to allow one to take them on *tick*. I know a few of our lads will be bit, but they will not attend to me; therefore they

must buy their experience, and call on the devil for payment."

"What do you think of my lord Mountvillars?" said Mrs. Tantamount, shrieking up at the top of her voice; "ecod! he is up to snuff, and a pinch beyond, for all his doleful dumpishness. I knew his father, and his mother too; we were two baronet's daughters; how odd you know! two baronet's daughters!" No one could see the oddity but herself, and she continued—"Ecod! he don't notice me now, but the deuce a bit do I care, 'tis one of the penalties of being poor; but I'll warrant me his father would not have done so; he married a baronet's daughter, and I and his dear wife used to be two baronets' daughters together."

Shakespeare says, "there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail;" and the master O'Shannons

nons bustled about the room, spreading their opinion of the prodigy before them, for nobody's edification but their own; the one pinching his nose with more than his ordinary perniciousity, the other still further proving himself "an affectioned ass, the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellence, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love."

He flew about the room like a butterfly, arranged his *coulins*, drew up his shirt-collar, pulled down his wristbands, thought of the last sweet look he had given Mrs. Ruffle-em, and prepared with it to shiver the hearts of his hearers. But the Mr. O'Shannons did not get on at all; for though it certainly was a very extraordinary circumstance his lordship's dancing with Miss Mary Templemore, nobody wanted them to tell them so. There is a saying somewhere, that "the lightning strikes not him who sees it;"

a consolation nobody seemed inclined to take in regard to the two O'Shannons; not that they feared their *wit*, for that they had not to bestow; but "sometimes, like apes that moe and chatter," they would talk at random, employ their faculties in adapting fiction to the failure of discernment, refine invention to probable consequences, and, with idle imbecility and wanton weakness, teaze with feeble blows and impotent malignity,

"And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies."

But many a man has fought the battle, though he has missed the victory; and while their subtilty promised the O'Shannons uncontested credence, they could seldom get any one to listen to them. None of us object to seeing our friends *hashed up* a little, but it must be done well, with talent, and with the appearance of more the exuberance of  
animal

animal spirits, than the waspish acrimony of maliciousness. We do not like envy, though we will pardon ill temper; and though we listen with delight rather than aversion to the sarcasms of the witty, we are awakened to disgust by the censures of the foolish.

Rochefoucault says—"As it is the character of great wits to express a great deal in a few words, so little wits, on the contrary, have the gift of speaking much and saying little." The O'Shannons, in the same way, run about and make a great buzzing; but they say little to command the attention of their auditors, point out nothing but their own narrow notions, and establish *a run* against nobody but themselves.

There was no end to their remarks on the prodigy before them; but while they took upon themselves to prophesy that it would all go off in smoke, the

Miss Templemores gained a renewed ascendancy in their weak minds from the circumstance; for women are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

CHAPTER IV.  
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Her face was sorrowful, but sure  
More beautiful for sorrow.

SOUTHEY.

.....

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,  
Than women's are.

SHAKESPEARE.

.....

We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Ibid.*

WHILE all Brighton were alive to the miracle of lord Mountvillars' conversion, there was one who grieved that he had changed his nature, sought to turn her eye from the gay scene before her, and to seek in her own thoughts the remembrance of his sadness. She had loved to listen to his half-breathed sigh, which

almost seemed the echo of her own, to sit together, united by the fellowship of grief, and to draw a comfort from each other's woe.

But unconsciously to herself, Leslie's grief had changed; and the sigh that now arose so softly in her bosom was rather the sigh of undiscovered love, than the hopeless one of grieving for her friend. Indistinct and sweet were the thoughts she cherished; resting her head upon the lap of Love, yet dreaming not how fragile was her pillow. Thinking of lord Mountvillars she would pass her days; and scarce knowing it herself, in him were centered her dearest, first affections; unheeded and unseen, the insidious tide came on, chasing from her breast the grief it long had nurtured, and planting these excesses, instead of the placid sense of peace, soothing the mind long wakeful to keen suffering, and filling it with dreams, bright, spotless, and enchanting.



enchancing. No pain was hers but that she thought he suffered, no pleasure so sincere as breaking its intensity.

Thus day after day fled on, strengthening the throb of love within her bosom, and lighting up her features to the semblance of content. Yet she was not content unless by the side of lord Mountvillars; but he ever sought the shelter of her society, and were he present, she knew he would be near her—silent and sad, yet near her; but there was eloquence in the solemn sweetness of his look, joy in the step that brought him to her.

Mute she sat beside him; but it was hard to keep down the pleasure of her heart, to fetter words of gladness; cheerful feelings beat with every pulse, and the gazer's eye might have traced the latent lightness of her soul in the novel beauties of her countenance.

But lord Mountvillars seemed not so seduced; it was the quiet paleness of her cheek that brought him nearer to her—the stricken sorrow of her placid eye that fixed the fascination. But with flushed cheek and kindling eye, Leslie soon received him—changes lost on the perception of him who had awakened the transition. It was only the aching heart, seeking rest, that led him to her presence, and while it hushed and tranquillized his care, he dreamt not of affection.

But the young heart sprang to his tones of tenderness—tones so rare, so sorrowful, yet so sweet, that she listened till her bosom filled with strange and undefined delight, tormenting memory when they ceased to bring them once again. It was then her heart partook of happiness never felt before—a happiness that basked in the sunshine of his presence, drooped in the shade of his departure.

departure. But circumstances brought them much together; they were ever giving parties of their own, and lord Mountvillars was a principal object in her sisters' invitations. He had cast a spell over every one; nothing seemed to go off well without him, and Leslie met him every night, wondering what should tempt him to enter folly's circle, yet blessing the inconsistency that brought him to her.

Each meeting heaped fresh fuel to her strengthening flame: she knew not that she loved him, but there was a strange and fearful pleasure in his presence she yet could give no name to. Words flew to her lips, yet she feared to risk their utterance; she knew he sought but quiet at her side, and she did not dare to break it; but yet she had a smile for him, that might have won all hearts—an eye that looked the volumes of all she could not utter. She  
would

would fancy wants she did not feel, to make him conscious of her presence, and offer him things he did not need to hear him say—" I thank you."

No one but those who are in love can tell the trifles lovers have recourse to; love seeking love—living on the surety of a sigh—dying with the indifference of a smile—tempting to follies that never else were thought of—creating difficulties but to be subdued.

It was all to Leslie a half-remembered dream; but she had sung in the presence of lord Mountvillars, and he had deigned to listen to her: it was a desperate expedient; little sure that he liked music, less that he would hear her; fearing to be heard and heeded not, yet venturing the experiment. With indifference he had attended to her sisters, yet why she complied with an idle entreaty of Steinbach's was an enigma she could not account

count for. She rose, proceeded some steps towards the harp, and hesitated—it was but for a moment—and turning in another direction, she seated herself at the piano. The air she sung was sad-denying—swam upon the ear, thrilled upon the heart, and then sunk to silence—silence that was soon broke in upon by the raptures of her listeners.

Terrified at what she had done, she sought to find a shelter; and panic-struck and spiritless, she rose up from the instrument.

Lord Mountvillars was near her. She saw him bending over the chair that had supported her, and his presence increased the confusion that oppressed her. Silent he stood among those who were overwhelming her with approbation—silent, pale, and motionless. But there was a sweet expression in his radiant eye, that looked the praise he did not utter; and  
while

while the noisy admiration of others only struck upon her ear, his sunk deep into her heart. Infinite joy was thrilling through her frame, and the bright blush mantled to her cheek; for lord Mountvillars continued to gaze upon her—a gaze that expressed Nature's gentlest feelings—a gaze that seemed to swallow the misery of every sorrow. The frown had left his brow, the smile hovered near his lips, and his beaming full eye—an eye that to her was potent as the basilisk's, told her the power her voice had had upon him. He took her hand, placed it within his arm, and led her to a sofa. For some time no word was spoke between them; but she wished not words, for there was a sensation of deep and full tranquillity in her breast she feared to be bereft of: she was trusting to the language of the looks, and she thought a breath—a sound, might chase the treasure from her.

Lost in the indefinite delights of her own thoughts, and regardless of every eye, she sat beside him; and it was not till she was again entreated to sing that she remembered how she had earned the blessing.

With unaffected dread she shrunk from the petition; throbs of terror shook her beating heart, and she struggled for the utterance to stop her persecution. To comply was then impossible; and with gentleness and sweetness she confessed her inability. But the impatient wishes of the crowd were not to be so satisfied; and again she was entreated, and again she had declined it. Every sound was fearful to her, it pained her to refuse, yet to comply she felt unequal. The only hope was flight. She had silenced for the present the tormentors that subdued her, and she was rising from the couch to seek her own apartment.

“In

“ In mercy to mankind you go,” said lord Mountvillars, yet seeking to detain her; for as he spoke he had taken her hand in his, and again she was placed beside him.

Leslie gently released it.—“ I cannot sing again,” she said, “ and it is cowardice prompts my departure. Let me be precipitate,” she hastily added, “ or the flight I meditate may still receive impediment. I know that it is courtesy that tempts the application; I would I could comply with it, but I cannot, indeed I cannot sing again.”

She arose as she concluded, again was moving, when again lord Mountvillars detained her.

“ You know not what we do in giving up the hope of hearing you. But stay, Miss Templemore, I beseech you, stay, and I will be your shelter; yes, I will



will forget the witchery you boast not of, check each claim for repetition, and ask you rather to still the little trembling voice, so lately our destruction, than again exert its powers. You tremble like a culprit, conscious of the mischief you have occasioned; but stay, Miss Templemore, they shall not press you more—I see that it distresses you; consent to stay, and I will be your shield against every one.”

“ But yourself,” mentally continued Leslie, again placing herself beside him—“ a shield against every one but yourself; and from that, who shall save me ?”

Whether he thought it just to entertain her after having held her from her purpose, or that he supposed it the surest mode of keeping off intruders, lord Mountvillars never talked so much to Leslie as he did that night—a night that passed in such perfect, such unusual bliss,

bliss, that Leslie never lost its recollection.

She could not repent the having sung, from the pleasure it produced her—the satisfaction it had left, in knowing that when lord Mountvillars again relapsed into gloom, she felt that she could rouse him. But it was too dear a power to fritter away at random, and no one again ever heard her sing from the night she first surprised them—a night whose pleasures subsided with it; for the next time she met lord Mountvillars he was mute and sad as ever, saying little, and giving Leslie no encouragement to thank him for his kindness.

She wished to be known and loved, but there was a repelling sadness in his manner, that made it folly to believe that ought else but sorrow could shelter in his heart. Yet still he sat beside her,

so coldly and so sad, that no one else except herself encouraged one hope from it. Her sisters even failed to take alarm at it; for there was such reciprocal silence in the union, that they passed it over as merely the *délassement* of a misanthrope; and while they had the éclat of his gayer moments, they little cared who watched his slumbers.

But the weak and favourite thought of Leslie was, that he knew that he was near her; that his mind was not engrossed so much by grief, but that he was conscious of her presence, his heart not withered up by so much care, but that it still could feel affection.

He had in truth a tenderness of manner most likely to mislead her, an impressive softness in the inflections of his voice, that threatened to betray her. She was betrayed—deep in the strongest maze of love, without guessing at the mischief;

mischievous; the evil growing stronger every day by the means with which it was inflicted.

There are moments when two hearts will think they understand each other—when glance replies to glance, and sigh to sigh—when woman, gentle, tender woman, reposes on the truth of man—when Nature's impulse nestles in her bosom, and with hope renewed, and confident in faith, there seems little left for the mind to be assured of.

Leslie breathed a prayer of thankfulness, for lord Mountvillars loved her. She had seen it in his eye; she had believed it hovered on his lip; the proud and bitter smile had left him, and there was there instead the tender one of love! Her heart bounded with the joyous discovery, but it was happiness too bright to last; and no sooner was she conscious of the blessing

blessing than it left her—perhaps for ever.

Yet why should he change his tenderness? why chill that intensity of sentiment, kindled by his affection? She wiped away the swelling tear that dimmed his image from her, she hid the agitation of her frame, and endeavoured to forget the hopes that had misled her.

No longer, with anxious and expectant eye, she awaited his approach; frequent disappointments had warned her of the folly, and she ceased to expect it from him. She now, at a distance, listened to his deep-toned voice, but its familiar sounds were gone; he had become apparently the gayest of the gay, spell-bound to her sister, her dearest sister, Mary. Yet there was no jealous feeling in her bosom towards her; nothing rankled in her heart but the sharp sting of disappointed hope, the latent anguish of  
of

of unrequited love—love that had been tampered with—nurtured in her breast by Cupid's cunning care, who laughed and shook his wings, then flew away for ever.

She wondered not at lord Mountvillars being infatuated with her sister; joyous as the day, she seemed born but to be loved; the rosy hue of health sparkled on her cheek; the dark lashes gave softened lustre to her eye; and her glossy hair, of warmest sunny brown, played on a forehead never ruffled with a care.

“Happy, happy Mary!” she exclaimed, as she watched this new attention, “let me not lose myself in dreams of sorrow, but rather bless the chance that gives you such a treasure.”

Her aching sight turned from the painful observation; but she tried to think  
with

with calmer feelings of the prospects of her sister—prospects so bright and cheerful, that her throat swelled with grief at the darkness of her own; but with a reproachful smile she cast the feeling from her, and thought her own days might catch a brighter hue from the reflection of her sister's.

But there was a vague and dizzy sense of pain at the thoughts of the connexion, and she felt she would rather lose sight of lord Mountvillars for ever than see him as a brother. It would be a difficult investigation to discover how much affection she might give him—how much, consistent with the uprightness of her heart, and the weakness it was a slave to.

But it should be her task to chase the folly from her—to forget she had ever cherished hopes of bliss that withered at projection. Yet there was a burning

spot within her heart that would not be extinguished; and though virtuously she tried to chill its torment, it mocked at the endeavour. To time at length she trusted; but what was time to do, when it only increased the evil. She saw lord Mountvillars every day, yet she could not leave her mother, the only comfort left her. Vain then were all thoughts of flight; and hopeless of escape, she began to trust to fate, and the diligence of her own endeavour—a slender reed at least, for where the heart is vanquished,

“Weak is the buckler, and the helm’s defence.”

Days lingered on—days that had flown so swiftly, and Leslie continued to affect a gaiety that again had fled her bosom. —“She would rather die than give any sign of affection,” and no one suspected the struggles of her heart, the havoc love was making.

There



There is a proverb that says—“*Seriùs aut citiùs sedem properamus ad unam.*” Leslie felt its comfort, and she thought, that though she had not strength to break the “bonds garlanded in paradise,” a time would come when all would be the same.

Lord Mountvillars was indeed her daily thought, her nightly dream; and if in the latter she had reared a visionary fabric of fallacious happiness, the sobering reflections of the former had only to destroy it. But there were *day-dreams*, more dangerous still—dreams that told her she yet might be requited—dreams built on the detected glance of lord Mountvillars’ eye—dreams raised upon the *follies* of her sister.

But these were feelings crushed as soon as thought of—feelings that brought with them more pangs of shame than pleasure at the prospect. She hated

her heart for the very supposition, and she called for strength to fortify her mind against the hopes of raising up herself upon another's defalcation, and that other her sister, her fondest sister, Mary.

The thought brought back all her better feelings, and though it left a sorrow on her brow, it was sorrow alone; reproach was chased away, and she breathed a broken prayer for the prosperity of her sister.

With a feeling in her mind of having done her an injustice, nothing could equal Leslie's attention to Mary—nothing seemed enough to give in compensation, and her own wishes were often sacrificed through the means of its prosecution. Her saddle-horses could only nominally be called her own; for the one was devoted to Mary, and the groom was mounted on a carriage-horse,  
that

that Cecil might use the other. She was thus deprived of all her usual comforts; but she minded it not, for the sacrifice lightened her conscience of a care; and if kind deeds could repay the trespass of the heart, her sister should have nothing to complain of.

With this her sisters rode out every day, and lord Mountvillars was sure to accompany them. Sometimes Stanley and Steinbach made one of the set, and they were always a happy party. Mournfully poor Leslie would watch them from the window—almost repent the kindness that excluded her; and when she has seen lord Mountvillars caressing her beautiful steed, she has loved the docile creature more, and longed again to mount it.

But short was the reign of these weak, foolish feelings; solitude and reflection brought back her better nature,

and she was thankful to have it in her power to aid and please her sister. There was virtue in the forbearance, that made itself be felt; for by this she lost much of lord Mountvillars' society, and she believed that it was that which made the burden heavy.

Morning after morning he came; the horses were brought round, and she saw them all depart together; lord Mountvillars and Mary riding on before, and Cecil, with her chance companions, always following at a distance.

She knew the hour he came, and her heart beat as it approached; for there is something in daylight that seems too sure to shew the feelings, and she felt that it was safer to struggle with inclination, to retire to her own apartment, and meet him but at night. But there was little reason in her flying from his gaze; he never approached the  
table

table at which she sat; and she soon found she was as lonely in his presence, as though absent from the circle. Yet there was nothing uncourteous in his manner—it was more the result of a pre-occupied heart than one lost to the usages of society. Mary was the metal that attracted him—a powerful charm, excluding every other.

Leslie soon ceased to feel the dread of being near him—to apprehend that she should be called upon for any other effort, but strength and fortitude to bear his altered conduct. A circumstance at length took place requiring all her powers. Her sisters retired from the room to change their dress for riding, and Leslie, trembling every nerve, was left alone with lord Mountvillars. The flush of fear mounted to her cheek, but in an instant it was pale as the hand that hid its changes. She drew her embroidery-frame towards her, and attempted

to employ herself, shrinking like a culprit under the friendly blind it lent her, and hoping to screen her weakness from the object that excited it; its silver glitter caught his eye, and he came near her to observe it—so near, that she felt his soft breath pass lightly over her cheek; and she breathed a short prayer that he might not detect her emotion. But it was painful to keep down her heart, and she thought, if she escaped this once without a betrayal of her feelings, she never would trust the chance of such a moment again. Her hand trembled, and she could not hold her needle. She broke her silver thread, and there was scarcely a probability but that he must perceive her tumult.

To work in this state was impossible; and putting the frame away from her, she attempted to occupy herself with the materials that lay round it. But lord Mountvillars, instead of following the  
frame,

frame, still remained in the same place beside her; and she began to suspect that it was not quite the beauty of her work that had once more led him to her. The supposition brought some share of fortitude with it, and a stubbornness of heart she could not well account for; for while his vicinity recalled to her mind moments endeared for ever, the confidence was gone that had rendered them of value.

She steadily fixed her eyes on the silver thread she was unwinding, wished for her sisters' return, and most tenaciously avoided all notice of her truant companion. But he might have perceived, by the flushed cheek, that she knew that he was near her—might have guessed, by the paleness that ensued, the pain that knowledge gave her. There was a fearful silence, for Leslie dared not trust her voice, and lord Mountvillars did not break it—a silence

which to him was now unusual; for, by the sprightly talent of her sister, he was excited to appear the gayest of her slaves. With Leslie he resumed his sadness—a sadness she felt herself unequal to the task of breaking—a sadness that left her at liberty to wonder how he could make the transition so suddenly from one state to the other.

At length he spoke, and there was a sweetness in his tone, a manner of so much tenderness, that her heart sprang to its dangerous influence. It was hard to appear unconcerned with such claims on her whole attention, yet she continued calmly to wind her thread, and restrained herself even from looking towards him.

He asked her why she did not ride out with her sisters? delicately hinting, that if the want of a horse prevented her, he had one entirely at her service

—“so



—“ so quiet,” he continued, “ that it will not make one so timid as yourself in the least degree apprehensive.”

There was nothing in what he had said, but it was the manner in which he uttered it; and Leslie, with unsteady gaze, raised her eyes to thank him; but again she cast them down, for there was a tender sentiment in his she feared to trust the effect of; and she became yet still more wary, still more cautious, in trusting her own eyes towards him. It was hardly prudent to stay, yet how could she avoid him? The forms of good breeding withheld her flight, and she felt she could not leave him.

He seemed struggling with his feelings; for she heard him utter a half-suppressed sigh, and again she wondered at the facility with which he changed his tone of feeling. It made her heart ache to think he yet might suffer sor-

row ; but he claimed a stronger interest there, from the pity the thought excited. She knew him not in the heartless joy she saw him at times indulge in ; for she was no insect to flutter in a crowd, and she mourned, selfishly mourned, the loss of that dejection which had brought them nearer to each other. His mirth had proved her bane ; it had led him to seek the brighter presence of another, and had taught her the folly of confiding in man — an *ignis fatuus*, that flits along with every breeze that blows—

“ A glowworm, sparkling in the night,  
That dare not stand the test of day.”

But there were old remembrances that endeared lord Mountvillars to her—recollections of better days, when she had no recourse to the proud and distant mien that now repelled him from her. There had been times when she had gladly shewed her welcome—times that  
now,

now, by comparison, tempered the present with more than its real bitterness.

Such thoughts, and such recollections, crowded on her heart; and she felt a gentler feeling creeping over her towards the being that sat beside her. She felt ashamed of having so coldly declined his offer, and she essayed again to thank him for the kindness that led him to propose it. Low was her voice and calm; for she made a successful effort to subdue the conflict that struggled there; but as she proceeded, it increased to earnestness, and her glowing countenance, and brighter eye, gave double sweetness to the words she spoke—words of such liquid softness, that her listener seemed to hang entranced upon the accents. At length her lip quivered, her heart seemed full, and the imperfect utterance died; trembling at the effort she had made, yet thankful for the power that had accomplished it.

Lord

Lord Mountvillars gently took her hand, and gazed on her with a look that to her dim perception seemed the return of his former kindness; yet she dared not question its reality, for the pleasure was too intense to think that time had not weaned her from him. She was sick at heart with hope; for there was a wavering ebullition of passion in his look, that made her think his fickle mood had vanished. Yet she feared to find it all a dream—a dream of joy, that would “leave her waking soul more lonely” than before the pleasing vision rose upon her fancy. His feelings seemed to be too deep for speech, and he appeared to have laid aside all thoughts—but those that centered in herself.

“Hear me for a moment, Miss Templemore,” at length he said; “my heart is full, and it is right that you should hear me.”

Strong

Strong feeling checked his utterance, and the bitter smile kindled his features to more than their usual majesty.

Silently she awaited the result. He had caught her hand in his; and there was such a suppliant look when she endeavoured to release it, such eloquent earnestness in the way that he retained it, that she could not take it from him; and once more he essayed to speak, steadying the impetuous feelings that rushed upon his heart, and trying to curb the thoughts that checked their explanation. But it was too full to let him speak; his lips were dumb, and he sought to hide the workings of his countenance in the concealment of his hands. He carried Leslie's to his beating forehead, and for a moment rested his aching brow upon its snowy surface; then, still retaining it within his own, he once more looked up, and again endeavoured to address her.

“Shame!

“Shame! shame on this boyish weakness!” he said, relaxing his features into the semblance of a smile. “If I indulged a foolish hope that I should find strength to tell my sorrow, this moment serves sufficiently to prove its fallacy. I cannot speak, Leslie, the feelings of my heart—feelings that crowd so fast around it, that it neither can explain the struggles it is a slave to, nor dare confess the victory that consumes it. It is an ill-judged weakness that leads me to attempt it; but there is comfort in the folly, and solace in commiseration.”

Mournfully he mused, and oppressive feelings seemed to shake his frame nearly to annihilation. Not one word did Leslie utter; but her heart was full, and the tears chased each other down her cheek without her seeking to control them.

Again he spoke—“It is virtue to be patient,”

patient," he said, " under involuntary suffering; but 'tis a heavy trial, a deep tumult, that tramples down the free heart of man—a haughty power, that neither bends to the better purposes that sway it, or softens the alternative that leads to its destruction; and yet I would not choose but bear one-half my woe." He looked sadly in her face as he pronounced it, and the hand he held received a gentle pressure. "'Tis the worser half," he continued, " that sinks me to this sorrow—a thing that nature owns not—not moved by one worthy sense, not animated by one honest thrill—'tis avarice, the bane of man, that seeks for my destruction—poverty, that blasting care, that takes my treasure from me!"

Leslie started, and her *sixty thousand pounds* came up in blank array before her. Much was explained by it—she had been sought but for her money,

money, and she dreaded to receive its further confirmation. She turned her head away, for she feared to trust the display of her feelings; for there was mortification in the past—a blank, dreary prospect for the future. Lord Mountvillars again addressed her—“ There is much room for pity,” he said, “ and yet you turn thus from me—will not even lament with him who owes to you his greatest grievance.”

He tenderly sought her averted looks, as he concluded, and started on meeting their angry flashes. The warm blood flashed deeper on her cheek; and after a moment's pause, in a haughty tone she said—“ I pray you pardon me, my lord, but there is little to amuse in these tales of love and prudence. My sufferance is worn out, and I have only to regret, on your behalf, that they interest me so slightly.”

He fixed on her a searching eye, and  
hers



hers sternly met his gaze—pride and anger struggling in its glance; while the blush that had before been of the palest rose's tint, now heightened to a crimson of deep and brilliant hue. She looked more beautiful than ever he had seen her. She had brushed her dark hair completely from her countenance, and the bright eye, the clear skin, shone rich in splendid majesty. A frown hung on her dark arched brow, and the curling lip disclosed the pearls so smoothly set within.

Lord Mountvillars watched in silence the radiant being that sat before him, till abashed by the keenness of his gaze, her own sunk under their oppression. Wounded affection yet rankled in her heart, and she could not hide her excited anger at his strange and misplaced confidence.

For a moment he still watched the  
changes

changes of her countenance—saw the sullen gloom, the stately silence, take place of its former beauties. Sadly he gazed upon her, and heaving a troubled sigh, he said—“ Perhaps this moment, Leslie, brings more anguish to my soul than all its talked-of sorrows. I had looked to you for comfort—felt a hope that though you could not chase the care, you yet might ease its sharpness. But I have roused anger where I had fondly looked for pity—received severity where I had only hoped for mercy—mercy, the alms that on such wretches freely is bestowed. But my heart is burdened, and my eyes, with all a woman’s weakness, are ready to run over! Is it then so strange my pouring out my woes, the grasping at every chance that offers alleviation, or the seeking to find a comforter in one, who, alas! shuts her heart against me—a heart, in this instance, too prone to wrath, too harsh to one who needs its utmost clemency?

mency? But you weep, Leslie; and I feel those tears will soon efface the injury." He again took her hand in his, and grasped it with trembling fervency. "You weep, Leslie; and you make me think perhaps I have acted wrongly; for what is it to you the cares that crowd my bosom? You cannot still one bursting sigh—cannot suppress one starting tear—cannot bid to blow the only flower that cheers my path—cannot dare to say I shall be happy with your sister."

Leslie rose.—"Release my hand," she said, "ere anger grow a fault. Trespass no more, my lord, on the attention you are abusing."

"On my soul, Leslie, you wrong me!" he said, preventing her departure. "You scare my words away; but, my love, you cannot wither *brotherly*, constant love," he continued, after a moment's pause—"love that shall bloom on, and live, I trust, for ever. Nay, Leslie, I will not part with you," he said,

said, perceiving her firm intention. "An hour like this I long have sought, and cannot end it so abruptly. I entreat you, soften down those harsh feelings towards me. You must not hate me, Leslie; for your *sister's sake* you must not hate me. Let us then part friends; yes, though the parting be but for an hour; and I will bless you for the smile you yet must beam upon me."

Leslie turned on him her face, haggard and pale as death.—"I cannot smile," she said; "but these foolish tears, I pray you, take as hostage. Let me now depart, my lord. I am much too irritable to bear the contradiction."

With a convulsive force he strained her to his breast, impressed a kiss on her lovely care-worn face, and, as he led her to the door, he softly breathed—"God bless you!"

CHAPTER VII.  
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In the world I perceive no constancy;  
No one can expect fidelity from the inconstant.  
I have left off depending on any intimates;  
Sufficient for me is union with the merciful God.

BAHAR DANUTH.

.....

Patience and composure under distress, affliction, and pain—a cordial desire for the happiness of others, even when we are deprived of our own; these are dispositions which constitute the perfection of our moral nature.

PALEY.

LESLIE retired in a state of wretchedness to her apartment, threw her form upon the couch, and lay for some moments bereft of every sense. Thought was too painful to indulge in—too intense a state of suffering to dare the venturing on; and she lay in imposed calmness, apparently at peace, while all was warfare, all commotion in her deeply-

ly-wounded bosom. No tear now relieved the insupportable anguish that oppressed her; she lay with open lips that breathed not, and eyes fixed that looked on nought but vacancy.

But too soon returned the conviction of her sorrows, the remorseless cruelty of lord Mountvillars, and the humiliating sense of her own inferiority. She had been wooed for her worldly charms, herself cancelling the incitement; coldly left to lament the change, then taunted with her insufficiency. Reproach, shame, scorn, and obloquy, all crowded on her comprehension—all flung into her face under the mask of kindness. Anger again kindled on her cheek, and a fiery lustre lighted up her eye.—“I will not grieve at that,” she said; “too calculative to deserve my notice, too unkind to need a comment, too cold to create a sigh.”

Yet

Yet Leslie did sigh, and continued to ponder—to wonder how his lordship had discovered her vain appendages, and to lament the foolish whim that had led her to conceal them. Yet to be loved for herself alone was an airy fabric she had indulged in—a fabric all broke down at once, and she mourned among the ruins.

As the force of grief subsided, kindlier thoughts came on; he had offered her brotherly love, and that she would rest content with. But there was still the wounding conviction to get over, that she had not been used uprightly—selfishly sacrificed to a feebleness of mind, that sought, yet could not love her—a speculative experiment! the heart warring against the head! the one leading him to covet the thing he did not want, the other shrinking—recoiling at the burden.

“ My humility was gone,” she said,  
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“and heavy is the expiation! for am I the creature to be loved in the presence of my sisters?” She had indeed been so used to look on their beautiful and *vivid* faces, that the heavenly sweetness of her own was lost upon her. “Why am I pale,” she asked, “while health sparkles on their rosy dimpled cheeks? why does the gaiety that dances in their eyes never—never shine through mine?”

She thought how fallacious was the creed, that Nature balances her endowments; for what was wealth in her hands who only sighed for beauty?

A thousand times she approached her looking-glass—that glass till now neglected; for rivalry and competition were unknown to her; and though with earnest gaze she now surveyed her features, the glance almost excused to her lord Mountvillars’ dereliction.

“It



“It is foolishness to think,” she said, “that the sickly lustre of this eye can charm him—that this pale cheek can please, contrasted with the transcendent splendour, the bloom of hilarity, that glows on Mary’s!” Involuntarily she put her hands before her face, as if to hide her image from her, and a piercing sigh issued from her bosom. “He will not overlook the plainness of the casket,” she said—“will not take it for the gem it contains; yet of what value to him is an unsophisticated heart—a heart that beats but for him, and him only? does he not find them everywhere? and the singleness of my devotion is lost among the thousand.”

She had nothing however to accuse herself of, but yielding too easily to a weak infatuation; and though she trusted he had not detected it, there were many reasons in her mind that led her to apprehend it. The thought made

her tremble with strong emotion—  
“And yet,” she said—

‘It hurts not him  
That he is lov’d of me; I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit.’

He finds me silent, thoughtful, and apart from all, nursing the miserable hope that I yet shall soon forget him.” Again she paused to curb her agony; for the parting with his image was like the tearing herself from a dear—a valued friend. Yet it was right to calm the headstrong passion, to subdue the tenderness for one who felt no tie of kindly love towards her—none but what he had expressed, and that could ill repay the ardour of her sentiments.

She shrunk with coward dread from meeting him again; yet she would not shew the power he had by keeping from the circle. In two hours, as he had said, they were sure again to meet; but two short hours to calm her wounded feeling,

feeling, to pacify the beating at her heart—to lull her irritation! Again she sunk upon the couch, and there,

“ Confus’d with vague tumultuous feelings, lay,  
And to remembrance and reflection lost,  
Knew only she was wretched.”

The next meeting with lord Mountvillars was less painful than she had expected; he seemed to have no recollection of the past, and she endeavoured on her side to appear to have equally forgotten it; but yet there was a constraint of manner, that betrayed the secret from her—a shrinking wariness of conduct, that prevented such trials for the future. She rarely now joined their morning parties, but sat brooding in solitary care, fearfully awaiting the cloud that must eventually burst over her. She longed, but dreaded to hear if any thing yet was decided on—whether the fatal day was fixed that sealed her fate for ever. There was nothing like confidence between herself and either of her

sisters; and the only chance of arriving at the information, was in attending to the desultory conversation they generally indulged in together. But lord Mountvillars now was rarely mentioned by them, and when it did happen, it was in that careless, laughing way, in which they would have spoken of any other. Leslie often asked herself, was this love? was the perpetual smile that ever played on Mary's face the symbol of the passion supposed to reign within? Her own feelings told her no; but Mary's was *happy love*; hers, blighted, laughed at, and rejected, and no fair criterion to go upon. Mary's eye and countenance all spoke unfeigned delight; hers never once could bid a truce to care, or lay those heavy thoughts aside that sprung from her devotion. Vague, tormenting dreams disturbed her rest at night, leaving her at waking still unrefreshed and wretched. Mary, with careless and with happy heart, pressed her downy pillow, dreaming

dreaming but dreams of joy, to prove realities on waking.—“ But there is no affinity between us,” said Leslie, suppressing the rising sigh ; “ Mary’s love is gaily blooming, mine must die for ever.”

Again she thought of leaving home till every thing was settled, till Mary, the happy bride of lord Mountvillars, should leave the maternal roof to seek the blessings of her husband’s. Then in safety she might return, tutor her heart by sure degrees to receive him as a brother, and laugh at all the weakness that had one time made him dearer.

But it required more resolution than she could command to put this plan in practice ; to leave dear familiar faces—the sweet ties of a mother’s care, to live alone with strangers. She could not do it. She could not leave the all she had for the good it might produce her—could

not put constraint upon her heart to bring it round to duty.

Thus days passed on, with no other gleams of comfort but those snatched from forgetfulness, stemming the outward signs of anguish, stilling the breathings of a broken heart, fancying herself resigned to fate because she uttered not her sorrow, and preparing strength to bear the shock of the worst grief yet to come.

Nothing however was said of lord Mountvillars' union with her sister; and though he was as constant as ever at her side, the motive seemed to strike on no mind so forcibly as it did upon her own. Indeed,

“ If looks, gestures, and imperfect words,  
Such as the look, the gesture will explain,

are to be trusted, there could little doubt remain but that his lordship's heart was taken. Yet Mary apparently sported  
with

with the prize, unconscious of its value, any further than it administered to her pride in public: in private Leslie had seen her trifle with it, sometimes utterly misuse her power, conscious of the strength of charms she had to lure it back again.

How weak, how pitiful, is love! still caressing the hand that spurns it—loving lips that move but to forswear it! while

“ Though from her lover’s sight the fair one flies,  
Frowns on his sorrows, and his suit denies,  
Condemns him, still unrecompens’d, to waste  
The tedious moments ;”

if his heart is placed on love, he will bear all—will sue for smiles more valued from their scarceness—watch for the glance more sweet amidst its coyness.

Men are indeed as spaniels ; the more you beat, the more they fawn upon you ; never weary of a pursuit in which repulsion meets their advances—never

humbled in a cause, though gained only  
by their persecution.

“ Thus would you keep a lover still,  
Unkind and careless prove ;  
For man is humble, treated ill,  
And coldness fosters love.

“ Spurn him with harshness, and he sighs ;  
Most servile when most cross'd ;  
Reward with kindness, and he flies !  
Adore him, and he's lost !”



CHAPTER VIII.  
~~~~~

Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,  
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.  
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life  
Impress their characters on the smooth forehead;  
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth.  
Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure  
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no soul  
Warmeth the inner frame. SCHILLER.

.....

“Search your own breast, and mark with honest care  
What seeds of folly Nature planted there.”

“I HOPE you are satisfied?” said Cecil to Mary, the morning after lord Mountvillars had paid her the declared compliment of dancing with her. “I suppose you now intend to cast your fears away, and to receive lord Mountvillars seriously as your lover? his attentions now, I think, cannot be mistaken.”

“His *attentions* never were mistaken,” said Mary, with a piteous look of care; “it is the *intention* I am at a loss to discover. I never saw such men as they are at Brighton! I am sure, cutting such a dash as we do here, we should have been married over and over again by this time at Bath.”

“*Once* would quite suffice,” said Cecil, trying to make her sister smile, “the *duplicate* might lead us into danger; *bigamy* and manslaughter don’t meet with approbation. What, not receive my foolish flower? You really are, Mary, quite of the *cui bono* order! not half the companion you used to be, and I suppose by the time you are *my lady*, I shall not be able to recognize my once-joyous sister Mary. You never either work, sing, or laugh now! work indeed seems quite to go against you; and I hear you ever ending all your fits of forced industry by the disheartening question of what is its utility? Oh, these

these are bad signs, unless you are *drilling* for your aggrandizement, my *right honourable* sister ; but I reckon you are beginning too soon, for, at this rate, what is to become of your wedding paraphernalia ?”

“ Things will never come to that, Cecil, take my word for it. Oh, how soon the world are taken in by appearances ! and you, Cecil, among the number. I used to complain of Stanley’s indifference, but he has more heart in his little finger than lord Mountvillars has in his whole body. Don’t you think he has grown very sad lately ?”

“ He has changed characters with his friend.”

“ Nay, is that all, Cecil ?” she returned, in a reproachful manner ; “ I thought you would tell me that I had had some share in his strange translation. Love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or another ; and I do  
think

think Stanley loves me, notwithstanding his late inattention."

"And suppose he does, what then?"

"What then indeed!" repeated Mary, with a sigh; "I fancy he is not overburdened with money, and if he builds any hope on my estate, he will find his castle built on *sable*."

"Do you go on nothing but *fancy*, Mary, in what so dearly seems to concern you? I would rout about all Brighton but what I would know what is the substance of his circumstances—*fancy* him poor indeed!"

"Yes, Cecil, it goes no further than fancy; but as Hamlet says of the ghosts, I would take *fancy's* word for a thousand—yes, I think he must be poor." She sighed as she concluded, and Cecil said—

"And yet, Mary, poor as you believe him, I would venture to assert, that you would rather, as Theneceleides said, pre-  
fer

fer *reposing under his little everyday mantle*, than you would have any thing to do with the *prodigal promiser*. What infatuation! to give up a peer for the sake of a poor commoner! I reckon at last you will turn his lordship over to me."

"To be used as you are now using Steinbach! caring no more for him——"

"Than you do for his lordship!"

This was too near the truth to be refuted, and Mary said—"It is little to the purpose what I think of him; the thing is, what he thinks of me?"

"It surprises me, that before this you have not contrived to ascertain it; does he give you no clue to discover it?"

"Oh, no," replied Mary, with the greatest *naïveté*, "for there is not much ease or cordiality between us; I fancy I often see him sneering at my foolish sallies, and I am sure I shew equal dislike to his clever observations. I have never heard him say a foolish thing yet,  
and

and it is so silly, you know, to be always talking clever."

Cecil smiled.—"I see, Mary," she said, "he does not suit your fancy; but how he has effected the change, surprises me to account for; you used to be even more ardent in his praise than ever I was; how do you explain the alteration?"

"I cannot explain it," returned Mary, "in my own words, but Shakespeare says—

'Things won are done—joy's soul lies in the doing;  
And the beloved knows nought that knows not this—  
We prize the thing ungained more than it is.'

There is all the information I can give you, Cecil, on the subject."

"And yet you still continue to encourage his attentions."

"Because I hope they yet may lead to more: besides, it will never do, in such a place as this, to be pointed out as the *girl that lord Mountvillars used to flirt with!* No, I must assist in carrying on the farce while here he remains,  
and

and when he is gone, must make the best of a bad bargain, by turning again to Stanley." Her eyes lighted up as she concluded, proving there was nothing so very desperate in the alternative she had stated.

Cecil again smiled, and said—"You call me a *flirt*, Mary, but I should like to know which of the cardinal virtues you class your own conduct under?"

"I think it rather embraces them all," returned Mary; "*faith* towards Stanley, *hope* towards lord Mountvilars, and *charity*, beginning as usual at home, is all expended on myself. But I am jesting, when Heaven knows I have enough to make me serious. I cannot explain the conception I have of his lordship's conduct; it produces nothing satisfactory to the heart, for it is solely and wholly directed against the head. Sometimes I think he is seeking me for the money it is evident some of us are possessed of, but then the immensity

sity of his own fortune turns off the impression. Two people, you know, can never talk together but the world will have it they are flirting; yet I positively assert to you, lord Mountvillars never says any thing that I can in the least degree take hold of. How I hate such caution! it always puts me in mind of the fox and the crow, still clinging to their bit of cheese, though it chokes them with the effort."

"Your simile does not hold good," said Cecil, interrupting her; "master Æsop made his crow more of a *Johnny Raw* than the crows we find in these days. I fancy one might now coax for a century without gaining the desired morsel. I am sure I make myself as irresistible as possible, and monsieur Reynard's accents were vinegar compared with mine; but what end does it answer? they plume, bustle, and flap their wings about you, but the cheese very rarely in these days leaves its station.



tion. Oh, yes, you might just as well bay at the moon like a dog, than embark in so hopeless an undertaking as the eliciting an offer of marriage."

The Miss Templemores, in truth, were almost disgusted with a life that promised them so much, and which realized so little—a life which led them out every evening, buoyant with hope, and sent them home restless and dissatisfied. It was necessary to attach the blame somewhere, yet not upon themselves, their apparently-extravagant notions, their evident love of admiration, or their unprofitable lives, passed but in a round of dissipation—nothing of this struck upon their minds; it was the insufficiency of the place—the emptiness of the butterflies that flew about it. And yet there were but very few of the men that surrounded them but what it would have been the height of imprudence and folly to expect any good from. They  
had

had indeed begun to see men as they really were; glare and glitter, noise and nonsense, did not now always mislead them; and while their outward appearance was like the froth upon a trifle, decorated in a variety of ways to allure the imagination, they knew by experience there was seldom so much as a ratafia cake at the bottom to reward them for their investigation. Boarding-houses, and the box of a stage-coach, were their only visible places of abode; scarcely one possessed either house or establishment of his own, but, like greedy cormorants, were seeking whom they might devour, and rushing into every place where there was an opening to admit them.

Brighton is a place indeed where mutual deceptions are very often practised, and where mutual disappointments, of course, must be the consequences; the generality of men flocking there to snap  
up

up wealthy wives, the women laying themselves out at every point to fascinate rich husbands. Such is the state of its political economy! But while half-pay and scanty incomes are the order of the day, is it to be wondered at that all meet with disappointment?

“ Yet what are lights to those who blinded be,  
And who so blind as they that will not see?”

What matters it then though I unveil its quirks, its turns, its fancies? Will it keep one fair daughter of Eve from tempting its dizzy round, or prevent her from tasting that bitter morsel, the *crab apple* of its knowledge? No, they will still bask in its deceptive sun, which cheers without warming them—still be carried along by its impetuous stream, whirling and twirling them, and carrying them on with a mad impetus, that leaves them at last lost to every quiet thought they might have indulged in before their emersion.

And

And yet parents will take their daughters, to *start them*, as it is called, at Brighton! to bring their graces into play, and then to put them up to be taken by the wealthiest bidder. All then becomes *holiday at Peckham*! every thing domestic is laid aside, and the young ladies put their best legs foremost, to dash along the road, which they believe leads to matrimony; all other feelings are lost in the mighty undertaking, and whatever labour they undergo, is all to be paid off with interest on reaching the object of their desires.

Notoriety is then the order of the day; for a man may overlook a quiet mate, while a dashing one secures his attention. Absurdity must effect what they cannot do by taste; and without attending to the just proportion of their figures, they pile up flower upon flower on their *tetotum* heads, hoping, through its seducing aid, yet to place the wreath of laurel

rel on the top, snatched from the brows of their less agile competitors. But when Greeks meet Greeks, then indeed comes the tug of war. The fear of being left behind still urges the racers forward; with remorseless activity they continue to tread on each other's heels, fearing to rest lest they should not only be overtaken, but preceded, and dashing on with less squeamishness from the bare shade of the mortifying supposition. Like sportsmen in the field, the keenness of the chase soon lulls their every scruple, and they seek to overreach all those who chance to be before them, exclaiming with Antonio in the *Tempest*—

“ Though twenty consciences  
Stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
And melt, ere they molest.”

But yet their desires prove to them a hard taskmaster, who, though crippled and exhausted, still urges them on with rigorous tenacity, spurring them with the rowels of worldly cunningness and craft,

craft, and holding out the empty recompence that at last eludes their grasp.

Under this *regime* a few hints may not be ill bestowed on my fair Atalantas, which, should they succeed in leading them to the goal

“ That even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubts discovery there,”

I ask no other reward than a neat red morocco binding for my work, to supersede the boards. Oh! what bliss! to see my lucubrations decked in gold, lounging on the cheffoniers that grace “my lady’s chamber!” Oh, there would be ecstasy in this that none but authors know! Yet do not think me *nice* in my demand, for even a calf-skin jacket might satisfy the latent ambition of my soul; any thing but those ignoble boards—those eternal boards of cerulian blue, bearing the circulating owner’s name scrawled about upon their ugly sides.

Let

Let it be a bond then—a *binding* bond ;  
and never fear but I will fulfil my part  
of the obligation.

“ I will bring thee where crabs grow ;  
And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts ;  
Shew thee a jay’s nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmozet.”

“ Prithee then lead the way without any further talking.” In the first place, let me recommend you to avoid all actions that are vulgar ; that is, such as prevail among the mob ; and to conduct yourselves, in a general sense, in such a manner as to deserve the title of being vastly singular—as whoever is not singular in this refined age, will inevitably be classed as common, and might just as well attempt “ to tie the rainbow up together,” as to accommodate themselves to Hymen’s gordian knot.

I recommend to you, in order to effect

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this

this desirable object, to walk like a grenadier at a review; to strut about with your left arm swinging; and if a pocket-handkerchief is flashed about in it, it will make the accomplishment more discernible. It should be observed, that this attitude is the *sine qua non* of a female of distinction, as the *profanum vulgus* dare not assume this becoming privilege, without the risk of a question upon their reputation.

I recommend, whether near-sighted or not, an unlimited use of the quizzing-glass; at church, ball, or play, the eye must never be of any use without it. If handled boldly and well, it cannot fail in its operations to render its wielder notorious, and will no doubt eventually entitle her to that which I hope to assist in leading her to. To arrive at this more securely, I would advise that there be made manifest a strong predilection in favour of coxcombs and fools of every description,



description, and to sneer at men of sense and science as much as you are able; for fools are the ones to slip the easiest into your net. Some persons, whose discernment is imperfect, may be inclined to question the wisdom and expediency of this rule; but I trust that all opposition to this injunction will be done away, when it is recollected, that you are not only serving yourselves, but, with surprising disinterestedness, are extending your solicitude to the community at large; for how great a saving of time and money it will cause, by rendering the ordeal of the classics, and the ceremonies of the schools, utterly nugatory and despicable! For what do we learn for, but to recommend ourselves to the less learned sex? and when we find that they will take us without, it must throw learning to the dogs, and cancel the obligation.

There is a great deal to be done by

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dress;

dress; but you must shut your ears to your grandmother's precepts, and only consent to open them to mine. *She* will tell you to muffle yourselves up to the throat; *I* tell you to do no such thing. What was a fine skin given for? Not for those old envious things to be at the trouble of hiding under a bushel of muslin, but to be the stepping-stone to help you up to fortune. Cast off then all such superfluities of care; for what would a Venus be, muffled up in a vile strait waistcoat? Assume then the graceful playfulness with which nature has endowed you; cast off the vile appendages of prudery and churlishness; tread under foot those *escutcheons of pretence* the modest call *tuckers*, and do not hesitate to render others happy, when it can be effected under such easy, and in the present pursuit, to you, such advantageous circumstances. Who will ever buy an estate without first taking a survey of the premises? who will  
purchase

purchase a bale of goods without first requiring a sample? Nobody! Therefore, my fair readers, as matrimony is the *desideratum* of the day, dress yourselves as you think most likely to secure the object of your wishes. Attend to your own inclinations, rather than the sober, *strait-laced* arguments of your grandmothers; and let the *latitude* and *longitude* of your displays shew us the treasures that only wait our asking. You are not to be children all your lives, tied up in pincloths till you look as though you were strangling. Cast off, I say, such tidy notions, and let liberality and bounteousness be indulged in instead. This is not a reign in which restrictions are laid on dress; it is the age

“Where pleasure is ador’d,  
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist.”

Think then, my gentle countrywomen, the advantage you have gained.

Continue but to throw aside musty rules, and

“Go to : thou art made, if thou desirest to be so.”

But there are many other advantages you may gain by attending to my directions ; therefore I continue them, warmed with the joy of accelerating your views, and of finally leading you to the object of your desires.

On entering the boxes at the theatre, make as much noise and bustle as you think will possibly be borne. This is perfectly fashionable ; and as no man thinks of liking a woman who is not noticed by the crowd, it will make you doubly sought after by the *cœlebs* that surround you, and will assuredly make you stared at by the vulgar class of the audience, who dare not imitate you in their low sphere, as “throw her over,” and “turn her out,” would most inevitably be the order of the night.

If

If you should be seated in the stage-boxes, and cannot attract enough notice by laughing and talking in a high key, or abrupt gesticulations with the fan, I recommend to you to drop your cloak or shawl, as by accident, into the orchestra, where John Bull, who is an honest, credulous, stupid beast, will leave off piping, and eagerly labour to restore it to its owner above him; while the ladies all round will die with envying such an impressive instance of presence of mind, and eternal notoriety. If the cloak should be caught in its declension on the hooks, and publicly injured, it will prove still more “uncommonly interesting” and “charming,” and will probably be mentioned in all the newspapers—will become the common topic of conversation—verses will be made on the unfortunate *belle*, and my reader will not only get into prodigious notice from the circumstance, but may expect to be married at the end of the month.

I strenuously recommend to those ladies who may unhappily possess that delicate tone of nerve which constitutes eventually the *mauvaise honte*, to wear veils upon all ordinary occasions, as there is nothing in the wide and long catalogue of human disqualifications so little likely to succeed as even the very *souppçon* of shame-facedness.

Stinginess also must be avoided as you would a pest; for no man thinks of marrying a girl who neither looks as if she would do him *credit*, or oblige him, through her extravagance, to request the same thing of her numberless tradespeople. For what can a man do with his money, if his wife knows not how to spend it? No doubt, get into all sorts of mischief; as the strongest heads among us are often led astray by the dangerous influence of its tempting power. If the man you intend to marry is a fool, it still more becomes your duty  
to

to shew that you can take his money from him; for it is surely only doing what you ought, to be transferring cash to the decorating of beauty, instead of leaving it to administer to the follies of the foolish. Indeed the more you bleed such a man of his money, the fewer opportunities he will have of exposing himself, which is undoubtedly preserving a remnant of his character, obliging his family, and doing what you can towards supporting the dignity of human nature.

Much may be done by getting into a carriage, if there are those present you wish to make an impression on, as you may here have unquestioned occasion of shewing the perfections of a well-turned ancle. This is to be better effected by adopting a hoydenish air, by springing past all those who are assiduously offering you assistance; and if you can manage to tumble down in the scuffle, so

much the better. Nobody can answer for themselves while under the agony of an overthrow; and by this method you may disclose as many inches of the *tendon Achilles* as you think may redound to your credit; for the attendant beaux will not fail to communicate to all they know that Miss Such-a-one has an *uncommon prime leg*. This is a sure trap to win a lover, if not a husband; but as husbands are so seldom lovers, for my part I think the former to be much the better bargain. But it is not my place to think, and I proceed to state, that I insinuate no such rule of conduct as the foregoing, to those females who may have thick or crooked legs, as they must uniformly creep about upon all occasions, wear long coats, and never be seen abroad in a windy day.

“Many men, many minds,” and I know there are some who are so devoted to the interesting office, in idea, of nursing



ing a sick wife, that they would make no hesitation in preferring a female *Lazarus* to the Venus de Medicis in all her blowzy charms. Should you perceive this strange taste lurking in the eye of him you desire to conquer, I should recommend you to assume some attractive infirmity, notwithstanding the providence and beneficence of nature may have given you a perfect organization. With this you must not, on any account whatever, admit you are in good health, as that might mar your fortune for ever. Bloom must be tortured to a *hectic*; the unrestrainable hilarity of joy, an *hysteric*; and the activity and buoyancy of health, *a restless irritability of nerve, that must be indulged in or die*. Indeed there are many advantages resulting from an affectation of ill health—advantages perfectly distinct from the one in which I set out on. It opens a timely door for a retreat from company, that you may either hate, envy, or *sing*

*small* before ; and to lisp, limp, and seem half blind, have the glory of novelty to the million. You must then affect to speak in a low, monotonous, nasal tone, and as wholly independent of passion and energy, as at the time you may find it convenient. Never be seen at any public place three times, without shewing a specimen of fainting ; for it is astonishing what links you may fix upon the heart by this *ruse de guerre* of nature, if adroitly and cleverly managed. There is no end to the attitudes you may assume, while under this interesting suspension of the senses ; you are licensed to fall into the arms of any favourite it may please you to fix on ; and if you have a fine head of hair, be sure to shake the combs out, and it will make a considerable addition to the picture. You must compose your countenance into a sweet smile, to shew how pretty you can look when you are asleep ; and straighten your limbs, only short of distortion,

tortion, to display the perfection they boast in their symmetry.

This farce may be continued till the time when your friends begin to talk of a doctor; then you must set about recovering yourself at discretion—that is to say, unless you are sure of your man; for there are some M.D's. who would physic a cat for a fee. If he is one who has

“ About his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,”

depend on him; for there are none “so base,” if “full of wretchedness,” but they will gladly give in to your conceit. Indeed there are many, though “with good capon lined,” that you may very securely trust. Who would not barter a quiet conscience for the sake of a sprightly pair of *prads* to prance about with from patient to patient? *Patient* indeed!  
poor

poor souls! and they had need be; for the leeches in these days are

“ Like horse-leeches,  
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck;”

and not without reason; for if they did not *bleed* their patients, John Doe and Richard Roe would most infallibly *bleed* them. Horses and carriages are not to be kept for nothing; and in vain the *malade* cries, “ throw physic to the dogs, I will have none of it.” You must have it, ma’am, or how do you think your leech’s cattle are to thrive? A chariot for the head-man, and a buggy for the under-mán, are no jokes. Besides, in this refined age, the door is not opened, neither are the steps let down, by the professor of physic himself. No, a *little pill* must be stationed outside the box to do the business for him. This boy must also be fed; not on *physic*, for that is poor stuff at best, but with good-butcher’s

butcher's meat. How is this then to be procured, but by making those pay for it who are too sick to eat themselves? It is a dog in the manger notion then, to think that you are to *enjoy a bad state of health*, without having to pay dearly for it. What do you want with your money, but to buy physic? You cannot eat; therefore it is but fair to give to those who can; for while a leg of mutton makes you sick with its very sight, it is savoury food to those whose hungry stomachs can digest it. But

“Where great additions swell, and virtue none,  
It is a dropsied honour;”

therefore I leave these *Æsculapian charioteers*, disgusted with their arrogance, and return to the service of my fair readers.

“Great wits jump,” the only excuse I have for neglecting them so long; but trusting to their forgiveness, and having  
an

an eye on my reward, again I proceed to business.

There is a proverb that says—"A golden dart kills where it pleases;" therefore I would advise my pretty pupils, if they have any species of conveyance that can possibly contrive to go upon wheels, to make a principle of incessantly prating about *our carriage*; and if this point is discreetly managed, there may be as much credit got with a *tilt cart* as the *sporting* appendage of a *vis-à-vis*. Should you then have any old *rumble-tumble* in the shape of a coach, trust to the "mask of night" to hide its grimness, and follow my injunction, by cutting the "flies;" for how far more gratifying is it to the sound, to hear that Miss Such-a-one's *carriage* stops the way," than that "the Prince *Ragent* is waiting for Miss Thingamy." There is indeed no end to discanting on the many advantages you will gain by the distinction;

tion ; for a *carriage* sounds like money, and men's ears dote upon the very semblance. Attracted by this appendage, they will swarm after you like bees, lured by the Hybla honey ; whilst

“ Wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,  
They would adventure for such merchandize.”

“ Flight towards preferment is slow, without some golden feathers ;” and it is astonishing to see how much women can do by mounting a few in her pinion. It signifies little whether it really is gold that glitters ; for if you have a *staunch brother on board*, and only contrive to play your cards neatly, matters may be carried too far for the lover of Mammon to retract, and poverty, deception, and all, the poor toad must take you in spite of his teeth.

There is much progress to be made by encouraging the addresses of every  
male

male creature who has any pretensions to *ton*; “grapple them with hooks of steel,” and contrive, wherever you are seen, never to be wanting in your complement of supporters; for if, according to the old adage, it is true that *one fool makes many*, think how many more a *dozen* will produce you! In truth, I have known women who, without possessing one intrinsic attraction, have carried all before them, from well-manceuvring the *enemy* in this one essential point, and have made a whole regiment of lovers, without a mutiny, *fall in* at the first word of command. If they *fell out* among themselves, so much the better; for if it was the gift of chance to produce a duel between them, they were sure to become the envy of their own sex, and still more the admiration of ours. It will prove a matter wholly unimportant, whether the hero that falls is the *offender* or the *offendee*, as it is the *éclat* of the thing, and not its propriety,



priety, that will be seriously considered by the multitude. A woman, to be fought for, must be worth something! and trust me, *something* is *every thing* in these days of deficiency.

There is a mode of charming, very efficient, if the thing is done with becoming spirit. It is to whisper and giggle with those who surround you, when any person, of either sex, comes into a party with a trembling and humble demeanour; as this measure will increase the confusion of the visitor, and shew your own superiority and firmness of nerve, in the proper colours in which they ought to be shewn. Men, even should they be deficient in it themselves, admire this boldness and audacity wherever they find it; and how can you evince that you possess the gem they seek, better than by laughing at those who are wanting in it?

Always

Always make a point of exalting yourself, and let those who dare come and humble you. In a quadrille of four, always take the top; and let who will expect to do the same, never be put out of your plan of beginning the first. This sometimes gives rise to ludicrous circumstances; but do not be checked—an opponent is soon danced down; and when she sees that you are resolute, she will be very glad, the rest of the dance, to let you have it your own way.

In a country dance, if you ever do such vulgar things, place yourself as near the top as it may please you; never mind though the young ladies below you have been standing an hour, impatiently awaiting their turn to begin; that is their look-out—yours is to establish yourself as many couple from the first as may happen to hit your fancy. Dash in among the set; and then, as the donkey said when he danced among the  
the

the chickens, "let every one take care of themselves."

Should your partner not be quite so valiant as yourself, and you see him timidly dodging and bobbing about to find an opening where he may enter the line, without the dread of having to taste for his trouble more gunpowder than his *tea* the next morning, let him dodge on; at the top you will find it no difficult matter to dovetail him in; and when you have danced to the bottom, never think of slaving up again, but leave the *unaccommodating things for their trouble*.

Nothing indeed is so pleasing to men as this charming independence; it shews them that you will stand little, in the shape of a Hector, or a domineering spirit; and this will save them a world of trouble; for what do the generality of matrimonial breezes spring from, but the

the husband ignorantly trying to get the better of his wife? This will remove all hopes of the sort; and instead of his attempting to take you down in your wedding-shoes, he will consider himself fortunate in being allowed to wear his own.

Men are in truth more reasonable in some things than you take them for, and know, as well as you could possibly wish them, how matters ought to be arranged in the matrimonial creed. You are not to be slaves, but elegant companions, strewing our way with flowers; and if we happen to tread on a few thorns, so much the better — it will make us step more cautiously for the future.

Should your husbands, for it is not my fault if you do not get them; should your husbands, I say, think to play the tyrant, talk to them after the fashion of  
Cicero,

Cicero, in the second of his Philippics; for a *philippic*, in any shape, is no bad thing in matrimony. Tell them then—  
“ *Et nomen pacis dulce est, et ipsa res salutaris, sed inter pacem et servitutem plurimum interest. Pax est tranquilla libertas, servitus malorum omnium postremum, non modo bello, sed morte etiam repellendum.*”

Should they still be inaccessible to reason, then read the *riot act* to them, and then set about reform in any manner you think most efficient. Never humour their fancies, for it is the worst plan in the world. What would children become if they were allowed to have their own way? Monsters! And what are men, but “children of a larger growth?” therefore the like wholesome castigation may be enforced against one, with the same advantages as is derived from it in the other.

Do

Do not be cramped in your *petticoat government* by the romantic fear, that your *caro sposa* will eventually love you an atom the less for your *tigerish* principles towards him. Rousseau says,

“ Que l’amour est doux si l’on aime toujours,  
Mais, hélas ! il n’y a point d’éternel amour ;”

therefore, if he is correct, it must all come to the same thing at last; and you will have the satisfactory reflection of knowing, that you have done your duty towards keeping “ one frail creature in the right way.”

There are, I believe, some of the description of gender to which I have the honour to belong, of too turbulent, too terrific a temperament for you to hope to make much way in the lowering their top-sails — some whose pleasure it would be

“ To comb your noddle with a three-legg’d stool.”

And

And again I say, from the same author,  
 “from all such devils, good Lord deliver  
 you!”

Yet there is no knowing what you  
 may find hidden under a smooth tongue  
 —tones that may

“Chide as loud

As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack;”

and the worst is, I can give you no rule of  
 conduct here to go by. But I believe the  
 best is, to take, “for better and for worse,”  
 any thing in the shape of matrimony  
 that may turn up for you. There is no  
 knowing what a man may be; therefore  
 you are unjust towards yourselves, should  
 you be tempted to refuse any; for tho’  
 “*ocream capiti, tibiae galeam adaptare,*”  
 you may yet contrive to appear, what  
 is emphatically called, to *shave at the*  
*same shop*, and to hold up a good ap-  
 pearance to the public.

Indeed there are many a couple, who,

by keeping tenaciously the “ secrets of the prison-house,” get the character of appropriating the Dunmow flitch, when the most likely thing is, that if they did get it between them, they would take the opportunity of knocking out each other’s brains with the bones of it; and yet they will so simper and smirk on each other in society, that nobody is *awake* to the reality; and they get the character of a perfect Darby and Joan, when they much more resemble the *devil and the baker*. Contradiction, like Boniface’s ale, is both meat and drink for them; and they are even tempted to grudge their natural rest, as it breaks in on their talents for tormenting.

But I say not this with a view to keep more ladies single than there are at present. No, in Heaven’s name let them marry, and when they have done it, they must make the best of it.

Johnson



Johnson says, "Marriage has many pains, and celibacy no pleasures;" and he is right; for where is the *jour de fête* to come from, if you have nobody about you who has a legitimate right to bear with your ill humours? You cannot beat cats and dogs all day long; and servants, pert things, will give you warning. Then what is to become of your hours of relaxation, if you have nobody to tickle with your *méchanceté*?

Rochefoucault, I believe it is, who says, "Some marriages may be advantageous, but none can be agreeable." Yet do not attend to such cynical notions as fellows like that would promulgate, but rather take the advice directed by your own good sense, and which my *illuminations* shall still further point out to you.

What gives you the power of visiting, without the nuisance of being eternally

nailed to the side of a *wall-flower*? Marriage.—What enables you to play at cards, and lose as much money as you like? Marriage.—What gives you the power of pouring out your wit in the animating channel of *double entendre*? Marriage.—What puts you at the head of a table, empowers you to talk, and plants two of the best men in company at your side?" Marriage.—What allows you the privilege of sailing in and out of rooms before the bridling "bread and butter misses?" Marriage.—What affords you the licence of choosing your own partner at a ball, instead of waiting, with trembling heart, till he should take it in his head to choose you? Marriage. — Then what but that produces you so much the attention of every man that approaches you; giving you the freedom, through the accommodating arrangement of *l'usage du monde*, to separate husband, wife, and lover, by establishing yourself on  
any

any arm that may happen to attract you?

A single girl can do nothing of all this. She considers it her advantage to constrain herself to hold back on all occasions—a task “more honoured in the breach than in the observance;” and I hope, when she has read *my book*, she will know her independence better, and will only be rivalled in her presumption by those who have deservedly attained it by venturing their fortunes in matrimony—matrimony, that plaything of an hour, that institution in which proselytes now-a-days become members at will.

It is indeed a weak notion to think, that when you are once a wife, you are always a wife *till death you do part*. If you have not done it before, dismiss, on my *veto*, the derogatory infatuation. What are the philosophic schools of the

age for, but to shew you the mutability of all civil establishments? what their minute investigations, their increasing accuracy of human knowledge, but to approximate you, the better part of creation, still nearer with their ideas of perfectibility? Besides, what would become of their liberal system, should you choose still to cling to *your* log, while they had resolved, in their infinite wisdom, to liberate themselves from *theirs*, the most enormous shackle imposed on civilized man? Yes, the revolution must be accomplished together; they must teach you to give up the fancied source of abundant good, which will enable them at the same time to throw off the load of a too certain evil.

Such must be the deducible result of their mathematical demonstrations; such the indisputable and congregated advantage of their restless spirit of inquiry. Bold truths, like virtue, are to  
be

be their own reward; they are to enlighten the rising generation, and to prove (peace be to their ashes!) that the brains of our ancestors were no better than a "*bundle of animal compound*," carried about in their heads for little other purpose but to lead them to the *tit-bits* at dinner, and to tie them still more securely to the apron-string of their yoke-fellows, growling and snarling at each other, and praying for sudden death, as the only visible relief that appeared to their sapient discernment.

But those were dark days of superstition and ignorance, leaving it for us to throw a light upon the subject, and to disseminate the various and wondrous advantages comprehended in modern philosophy. Despotism and priestcraft are trampled to the ground, while the illimitable expansion of general philanthropy rears proudly its head in the place of them. What can so clearly

tend to substantiate the fact, as the present glorious laxity of the matrimonial compact, that complicated machinery of artificial life? which is (thanks be to the stars and modern philosophy!) gradually suffering before the lamp of reason a progressive diminution of its inexorable privations, till gaining fresh impetus with its liberal course, it will eventually conduct every advocate of the cause to that philosophic pinnacle of pure and perfect felicity—to that

“ Happy state, where souls each other draw ;  
Where love is liberty ; where nature, law.”

Fail not then, my fair pupils, to take advantage of the times. Slip yourselves into the knot, and leave it for radical reform to slip you out again. The yoke once rivetted on the neck of its victim, is now formed of the “ *patent elastic spring*,” opens to receive the head, then opens to let it out again.

Patiently listen therefore to the mercenary

cenary language of your friends, and take, without scruple, the first *prudent choice* they proffer to you; for luxury and avarice now entangle not for life, and it is the fashion of the day to bear about the burden of no one's absurdities but your own. Should your parents then have tied you to a toothless do-tard, or to a coxcomb you do not like, look about the world till you find another that you do; and use but your discretion in the choice, and take my word for it,

“The gordian knot he will untie  
Familiar as his garter.”

Fearlessly plunge therefore into the stream—a stream turbulent to those only who know not its navigation. Spread your sails wide to the breeze; take the rudder and compass into your own hands; avoid the shoals and quick-sands of prejudice and superstition; and should a storm come on, let go the main  
I 5 sheet,

sheet, and safely anchor yourself in Doctors Commons.

Here then must close my dogmatical placard—a placard posted for the service of the ladies—ladies that scarcely need my assistance towards teaching them the road to perfection. But there are some ignorant of the world and its perverted ways; and to those I in duty address myself—those who live “far from the busy haunts of man,” till all of a sudden the blaze of day bursts in upon them, and they come for a winter to Brighton. It is then I hope I may be of some service; for “I would be loth to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.” But in truth I am constrained to confess, that it is not to women of the world my doctrines will be of much service; yet, though they have, under their own infinite judgment, anticipated the tenor of my precept,



cept, I still hope it will help to establish them in the road they are treading so rapidly to preferment.

I have indeed, for their sake, long neglected my other matter—matter that will now crowd so heavily on my pen, that I shall have much ado to disburden it—a public ball expected at the P——, and all Brighton on the *qui vive* about it. “Such bustling of feathers, such pluming of coats,” such hopes and fears, heats and chills, and all in the dark as to going. The orders not given out till the last moment. Ye gods! who can expect to look decent? for who will be at the expence of buying new clothes, when it is matter of uncertainty the wearing them. All the town, in short, were in a perfect *quandary*; for those who fancied they had a *right* to be asked, knew that *right* was but a poor *substantializator*; and those who only hoped to get in by *good luck*, felt the

dubious uncertainty of the tenure: and yet it was surprising what creatures did get in, and they felt relieved and at ease by the suggestion.

The Miss Templemores soon caught the infection, and were as much beset by hopes and by fears as any young ladies in Brighton; for though they felt no legitimate right to enter the walls of a palace, they yet trusted to the chance of getting in with the crowd of their equally-unworthy neighbours. With this their troubles again began about their dress, and they were more at a loss now than ever to know what costume they should fix on. White was expected to be the fashion of the night, and nothing but new white satins would content them for so grand an occasion. Feathers also could not be dispensed with; they were universally worn at court; and they should look as mean as Poland hens, if they ventured

ed to appear without them. Yet a plume for each was a drain on their purse they were but ill prepared to reply to, and they began to look with despair towards the *foxtails* in their bonnets, as the only alternative left them.

In every difficulty their thoughts now always were sure to turn towards their sister Leslie; for she had begun to discover how useful she could be, and she was never backward in offering them every assistance. But they had seen no feathers of any description, while looking over her wardrobe; and they could not ask her to assist them in the purchase, as they knew the allowances set apart for her dress were more limited than any of the others.

Such were their tormenting reflections whilst kept in a state of uncertainty. The orders were not yet all issued  
out;

out; and until that was the case, they could not relinquish their hopes on the occasion. Every knock at the door made their hearts jump; and while one peeped over the balcony to see what the claimant *was like*, the other was at the head of the stairs to receive sooner the joy-bringing order.

Nothing however but repeated disappointment was the result; for the eyes of one were regaled with the sight of nothing but livery-servants and shop-boys, and the other only had notes put into her hands that she could almost have torn from vexation.

“ Mrs. Tiltabout at home indeed,” said Cecil, throwing the card, with a jerk, on the table; “ and the best place for her, I think, till she knows how to speak purer English. I wonder what right such people as she have to push themselves

themselves into society; asking every one if they ‘*plays visk?*’ and quite tormenting one with her good temper.”

“An error, my dear girl, you will never fall into, while this *pleasing pain* continues to hang over you.” Cecil smiled, and Mrs. Templemore continued—“I am certain I would set about putting my best hopes to flight, before they should thus act on my serenity; for you are as snappish, Cecil, as a little dog, and would bite, I do not doubt, were you to meet with a slight provocation.”

Cecil smoothed the wrinkle of her brow, looked a little abashed, and then replied—“But do you not think, mamma, it is very foolish of people who have made a little money to expect to set themselves up for genteel—to ask those to see them they cannot entertain, *but at their own expence*—and to ape the manners of high life, contrasting more strongly the vulgarity of their own?

own? I wonder how any body can visit them!"

"They give good dinners," coolly returned Mrs. Templemore; "and the world is sufficiently requited."

"And they make a formal declaration after them," interrupted Cecil, "that they expect no return for their trouble."

"Which is still more to the taste of the public."

"I suppose, mamma, you mean to attend at their gala, as you stand up so staunch as their advocate?"

"Certainly," returned Mrs. Templemore; "I can have no possible objection, if you, my dear Cecil, request me."

"*I* request you, mamma!" screamed out Cecil, quite annoyed at the bare supposition; "if it only depends upon *my* solicitation, there is not much fear, I thank Heaven, of our being there."

"And yet," said Mrs. Templemore, "it is an entreaty I strongly anticipate. The whole regiment of the Fifth are to  
be

be there; and as they have contrived among them to put out your love for the German Adonis, I have little doubt but they will also provide for your scruples."

This was rather a *non sequitur* to Cecil, and she set about turning the conversation, fearing to encounter her mother's severity, where she knew she so rightly deserved it. Her love indeed for poor Steinbach had met with a hasty conclusion; a whole regiment of *red soldiers* had marched into the town, and she made the transfer of her heart at discretion. Her eyes once open, she could see as clearly as the rest of her family how very little he had to boast of, except beauty; and she saw that he perfectly answered to the old French saying, and was adequate to nothing but "*faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table, et de la table au lit.*" She was perfectly weary with the attempt  
of

of teaching him to understand her—perfectly tired of the study of endeavouring to comprehend him. He seemed to her to speak English worse than ever; and it was quite a relief to get any one to listen to her who did not say “eh?” to every word she uttered.

Cecil indeed possessed the true attributes of a coquette; she would go on with surprising perseverance to the point where she saw love begin to dawn upon her from the object of her pursuit; but when once perceived, she was off; she had gained the end she ambitioned, and she passed on to achieve other conquests.

Poor Steinbach seemed to be the last to perceive the change; for he was a piece of mechanism, difficult to be wound up, and as difficult to be unwound again. Love with him would always be more a habit than a passion; he  
would



would be more a Phœdra, labouring under the yoke of fatality, than a St. Preux, the enthusiastic victim of sentiment.

But all this was nothing to Cecil; she could not be at the trouble of both raising the flame, and finding him the means of putting it out again. She had flirted with him merely to gratify herself, and she now flirted with another for the same *unexceptionable* motive; and while he was all “vonder and vonder at *from vence could come the change*,” she had dismissed it from her mind, to make room for weightier matter.

The important day, “big with fate,” had arrived, and they were yet unsupplied with a ticket; hope died within their breasts; and when they saw the ostentatiously-displayed order mounted on the mantlepices of their friends, they  
were

were ready cry with vexation. But there were some who, with no invitation to shew, were yet confident in the success of their expectations; the *Mercury* was still to be seen flying about from door to door, and until they lost sight of him, they were resolved not to lose sight of the probability.

These were the comforters that the Miss Templemores readily lent an ear to; and pinning their faiths on to their sleeves, they returned home in much better spirits.

But hour after hour flew past, and yet no termination to their anxiety; yet while they scornfully exclaimed to each other, that *they had no hope*, the arrangements they continued to make in their wardrobe most fully denied the assertion.

“ I shall give up all expectation,” said  
Cecil,

Cecil, dejectedly plaiting up a little bit of *Thule*; "I shall give up all idea of the thing the moment the muffin-boy has passed; it is foolish in the extreme to expect any thing now, and we had much better begin to reconcile ourselves to our lot, than increase the evil by blindly shutting our eyes to it. I shall put all this nonsense away." And as she concluded, the work she held in her hand was unceremoniously thrust in a heap into her workbox.

"The muffin-boy?" said Mary, with a strong expression of irritation; "and pray what has he got to do with it? he sometimes goes past as early as four; besides, if he was even later, I do not see why his is to be the bell to summon us, as Macbeth says, 'to heaven or to hell.' Take my word for it, you will be sorry for having tumbled up your lace in that untidy manner."

At

At this moment, something like a postman's knock was heard at the door, and the two girls rushed into the hall.

## CHAPTER IX.

Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite; but those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly.

GOLDSMITH.

.....

Philosophy and criticism cannot reach some subjects, which sap the foundation and support of well-being. Playfulness, ridicule, wit, and humour, are the auxiliaries and light-armed forces of truth; and their power in detachments is equally felt with the main strength of the body.

*Pursuits of Literature.*

WHEN mortified and disappointed, nothing tends so much to increase the wound as the consolatory effusions of your friends; for instead of their setting about it the right way to soften the evil, it seems they rather prefer fixing on that opportunity for placing themselves

selves on your head; or, in other words, they greedily profit by the opening that is made them to exalt themselves on your humiliation.

There is indeed no small degree of malicious craft in the way they presume to effect it; and a word—a look which at another time would make no impression, at this, rankles in the heart, and pierces deeply, when with its own natural force it would scarcely have reached the object aimed at. Ill-naturedly mischievous, they bring things forward in the shape of *balm*, that at another time they dared not have ventured upon; and by stratagems of tenderness, plant piercing thorns, with the *considerate* view of eradicating them. *Ainsi va le monde!*—a *monde* that insults without reason, and annoys without sagacity—with inveterate malice seeks candour to betray, and teaches frankness, too late, the folly of the virtue. Superficial  
in

in friendship, and permanent in hate, courting great abilities but to accomplish their destruction, and shallow pretenders, but to publish their disgrace. Gaiety is used as a mask to hide their venom, ill temper is assumed to conceal their malicious success; and while they are hourly proffering you the endearments of civil intercourse, their heart at the same time is shutting up against you. It may sound cynical, but there is, alas! no friendship in the world; if you expect it, you but too soon perceive how far you are deceived, become disgusted without any palpable cause for offence, and feel alienated without any ostensible reason for the enmity. All is hidden under the semblance of goodwill; suavity of temper is to lure you into confidence, and disinterested affection to lead you to betray. Prudence and vigilance then in vain exert their influence, entangling perplexities present themselves at every turn, till exhausted with the

evil of the serpents that oppress you, you finally catch the infection of their malice, and in your turn sting others, to revenge the attack upon yourself. The simplicity of nature deserts you; with restless craving you track for the weakness of your neighbours, and cry down follies less flagrant than your own. Envy is the main spring of action, the passion that exerts its influence in this war with our fellow-creatures—a passion composed of the wreck of every other, and which seeks a gratification in dragging others down to the same level with itself—a passion of no limits, because it has no end—a restless torment that never dies, for it is ever feeding on the venom of its own perverted nature. Humbled in its own estimation, it is jealous even of the victim it destroys; yet while pursuing it with unrelenting malice, success brings not the joy it had fallaciously anticipated. No torments can equal the cold and blasting influence  
of



of this ruling passion—a passion that had no need to find any place in my book, for, thank Heaven! we know nothing of it at Brighton.

In truth we have little here to be envious of, and indeed it would be difficult to conjure it up; for you cannot envy lodging-house chairs and tables; and if a little plate is brought out on grand occasions, you know it is all *hired* at the silversmith's. The ladies dresses are worn dim by the last London season, and we men turn out in the first coat that comes uppermost.

Thus the hydra-headed monster perishes for want of food; and though the gold-laced jackets of our men of arms will give rise to a little *bilious reflection*, the knowledge that we are all the same description of fly, varying only in the different colour of our wings, soon drowns the uncomfortable distinction; and we

reconcile ourselves by the idea, that we could all make ourselves mountebanks if we pleased, and could any of us manage to look fierce by bringing the *moustache* into play, and letting the razor have a holiday.

And yet it is surprising to think how much all this takes with women; for you will see them paying deference to these adventitious charms, bearing with caprice, vanity, and folly, joined to all the vacillations of idleness and foppery, if decked out with this finical finery. Wit and politeness are in these circumstances but powers of supererogation; for airs of insolence, superciliousness, and absurdity, have the advantage of attracting instead.

There is a maxim commonly received, that a *wise man is never surprised*; yet is it not enough to astound one, to see women waste their precious intellect  
on

on such “puppet-show pieces of ordnance!” Acute sagacity and mature experience cannot but shew us the folly; but when will it teach them that they are trusting to a slender reed at best, and are but “wasting their sweetness on the desert air?” What soldier will ever think of marrying, till forced to take *a new lease of his tailor*—till he ambitions to mount a new mine of gold lace, without the philosopher’s stone to attain it? It is these considerations alone that tempt them into marriage; it is the hope only of bettering their fortune that will ever induce them to share it. If, however, my fair readers like to lay out their *stuff* in decorations for the gallant it has gained them, in Heaven’s name let them do it! not all my sage advice will alter it, for no doubt it will first be attributed to envy, then sent to look after its master. And yet they are doing me injustice; for I write not for my own advantage, but rather for their

good; and though, being a *civilian*, it may look suspicious, I advise them, without the least sinister motive, to bring us *plain men* into fashion, and they will reap the reward of their discernment. Take my word for it, a *'squire* is the man for matrimony; *half-pay* is never the order of the day with him, and he may load his baggage-waggons with as many children as he pleases, without the tax of a *five-pound penalty*. To such a man then let your aim be directed; and as you cannot please him better than by throwing stones at the army, let that be your first mode of attack. If he is a plain-dressed, close-shaved little man, rail most vociferously at their tricked-out costume; and while he is smoothing down each side of his well-shaven chin, and drawing more closely over his knees the flaps of his long *benjamin*, abuse with all your might the indecency of appearing with lips "bearded like the pard," and give a hint at their short-tailed

tailed jackets. If you wish to nail your man, this is the time to do it; for he will, unconscious of the trap, chime in most willingly to the critique, not from envy, but from the justness of the case that you have so wisely and so ably depicted. Agree with him in praising the elegance of the private gentleman's dress, compared with the frippery of gold lace, gold tags, gold spurs, &c.; and while he is shingling through his fingers the gold he may have in his pocket, launch out on the wisdom of keeping it there, instead of spreading it all over the body. Then take an opportunity of remarking upon the deception of their toilets, and make a point of admiring his rotundity of waist, to the pinched-up spines of the soldier; while, should it grow upwards, "small by degrees and beautifully less," strongly impress upon his mind how much better it is than expansion effected by padding.

Thus

Thus having put him perfectly into conceit with himself, rest assured he is yours for life—a life, that if he is fond of hunting, will not be too long to tire you; your only rival is the chase, and that, like most rivals, will at last rid you of your husband.

“For still impetuous to the field he flies,  
Leaps every fence but one, then falls and dies.”

But there are few 'squire Bugles to be met with in Brighton; and while the military are so plentifully scattered, I fear it will be but a difficult task to persuade my fair readers to give up the present pleasure of the one for the permanent benefits that may arise from the other; yet, though they will say, “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” what, I ask, is the value of the biped that will not sing? who does not soon get quite tired of a creature that is merely to look at? and what is so tedious as a painted macaw, who, with indifference,  
mocks

mocks all your notice? But why am I thus squandering my time on that which promises so little to repay me? for is it in the wide region of probability, that I can teach prudence in opposition to the inclinations of nature? The impressions of precept are few, if they war with our dearest desires, and there cannot but arise a contempt of that doctrine which militates against its enjoyment. Abler pens than mine have tried it, and have failed; and how can I expect to create the *bouleversement* of a course so firmly—so falsely established? I certainly was not formed for a censor, for I feel more inclined to laugh with the idle than to add twigs to the rod of correction; and while I lament the perversions of sense, I still add to the aggregate of folly. But we all see blemishes in each other's coats, without the power or the wish to amend them; and the *motes* are so prevalent in every eye that  
one

one meets, that it is unfashionable and *goth* not to sport them.

To set the world to rights is in truth a maddening endeavour—an abuse of time, temper, and talent; raising animosity without exterminating folly, bewildering with futile discussions, instead of remedying the evil, and eventually gaining the reputation of arrogant conceit, in room of the actuating principles of virtue. Thus good motives always are mistaken, and there are many who would rather suffer the inconvenience of their own mishaps, than obtain relief for them by the *advice* of another—a bitter medicine, often increased by the method of preparing it, and seldom found of any advantage to those it is enforced on; pride, obstinacy, and folly, are the foes that war against it, for while we are *dull* at the belief that there are many wiser than ourselves, we cannot fail



fail to refuse the wisdom of the *counsel*, from the prejudice we hold to the *counsellor*. To be efficacious, therefore, your intentions must not be seen; “the most beneficial power of nature works in secret;” and such is the weakness of man, that arguments exerted for his advantage must be insidiously inculcated with the appearance of chance, and enforced with the semblance of accident.

“ Thus wisdom’d sages, when their dictates fail,  
Conceal their moral counsels in a tale.”

END OF VOL. II.

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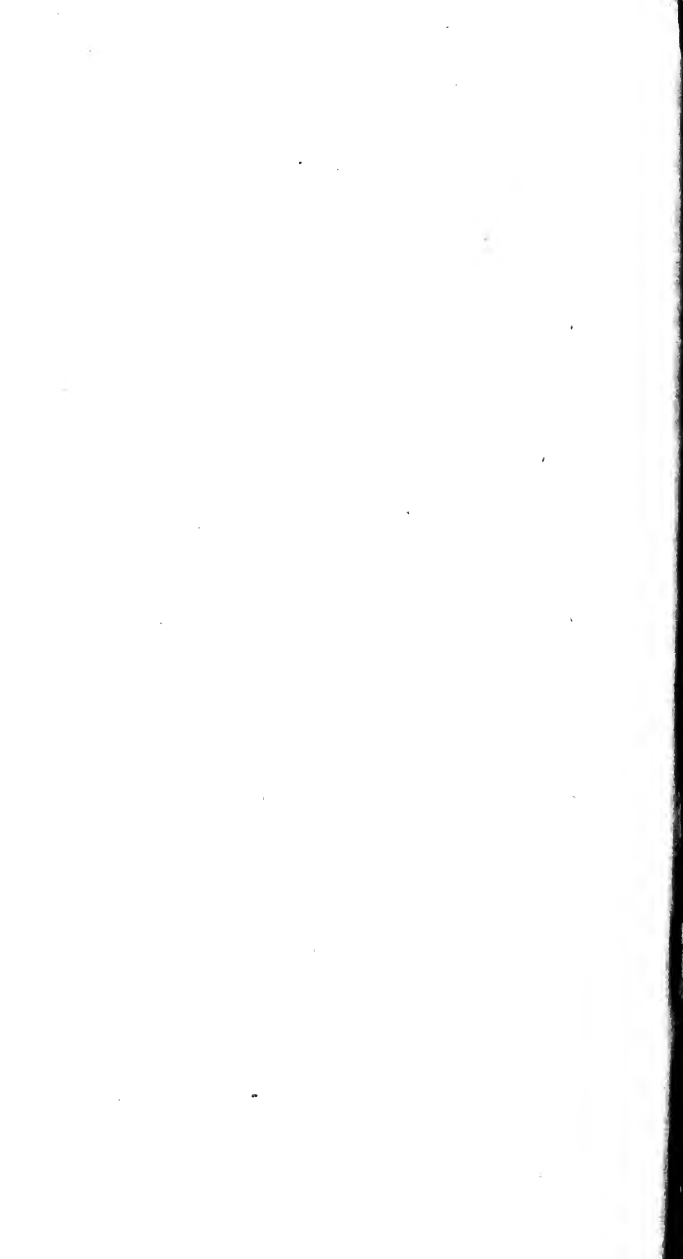
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